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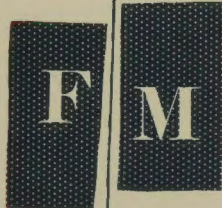
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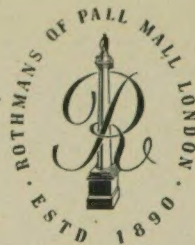
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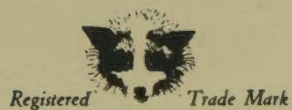
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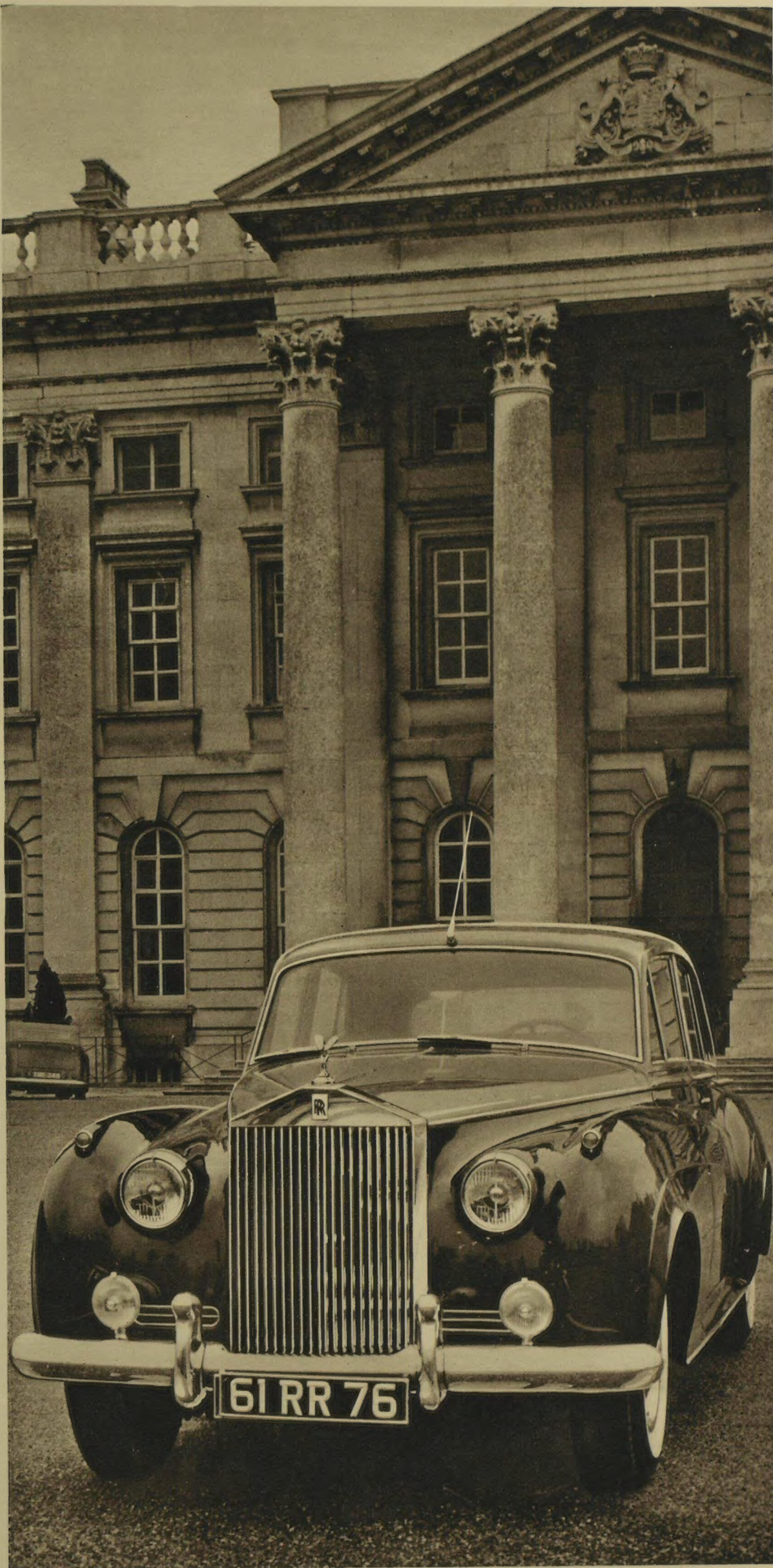
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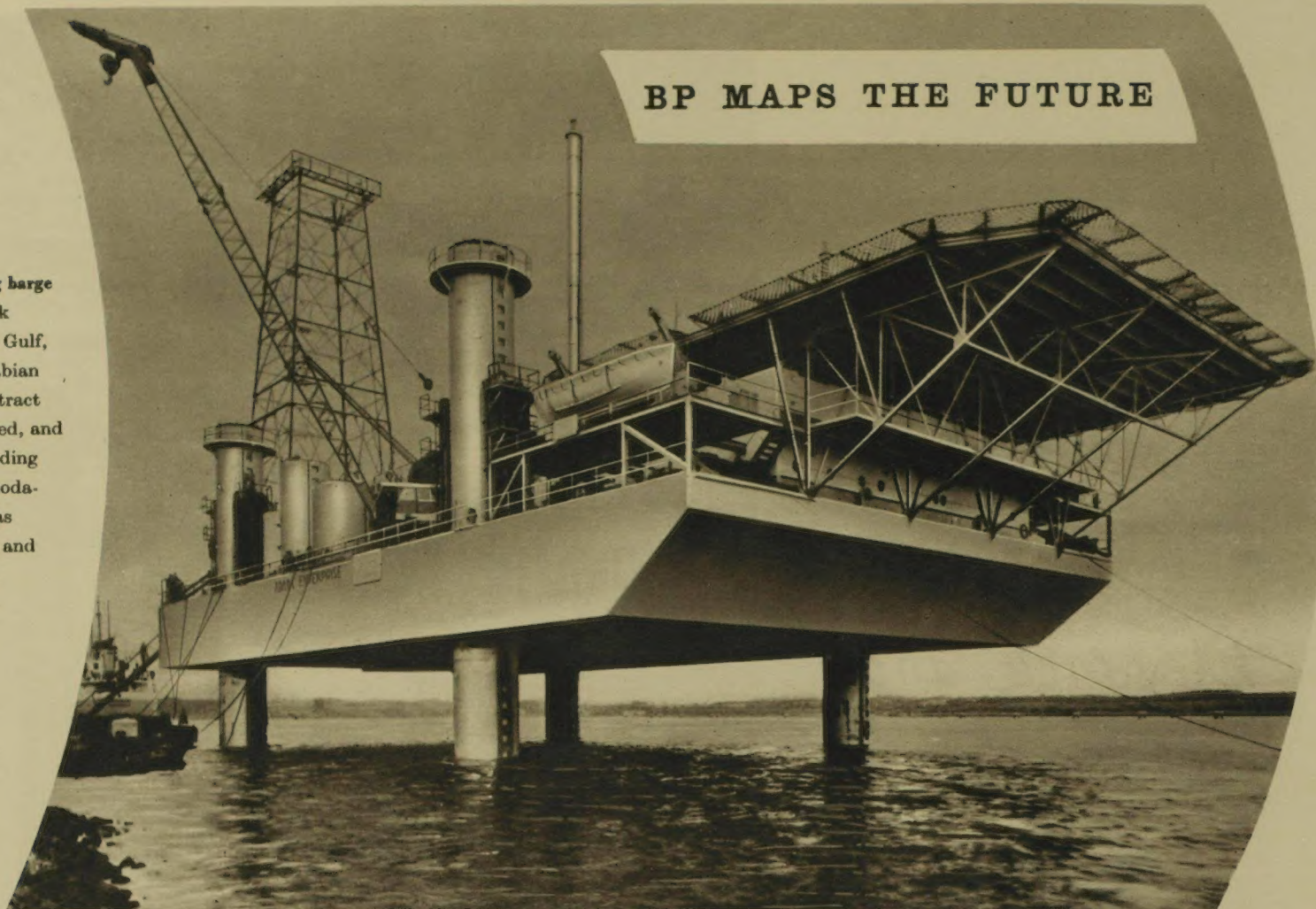
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1958.



THE FIRST MAN TO REACH THE SOUTH POLE OVERLAND FOR FORTY-SIX YEARS: SIR EDMUND HILLARY (LOWER PICTURE), AND (ABOVE) THE SOUTH POLE AS IT IS TO-DAY, WITH THE U.S. MILITARY COMMANDER OF THE BASE.

On January 3 the New Zealand Antarctic expedition's tractor train, led by Sir Edmund Hillary and comprising Jim Bates, Murray Ellis, Peter Mullgrew and Derek Wright, after a continuous twenty-four-hour thrust, halted for the night at 8 p.m. in sight of the round tower of the U.S. South Pole station, and two hours later, informed the world by radio through Scott Base that they had reached the South Pole. The American occupants of

the base were all asleep and were unaware of their visitors until 9 a.m. the following morning. After this the Americans drove out and found the New Zealanders just beginning to stir after twelve hours in bed and gave them a tremendous welcome. On January 6 Sir Edmund Hillary, Wright, Bates and Ellis were flown back to Scott Base in two U.S. Neptune aircraft, Mullgrew being left behind to provide an independent radio link.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT is difficult at times to distinguish cause and effect, but sometimes during the brief Christmas holiday I find myself wondering whether the blissful and illusory feeling of peace that descends on one at this time may not be partly due to the fact that for two days there are no newspapers! Like most human institutions, the Press presents man with a paradox. On the one hand, no real democracy—one, that is, in which there is any effective freedom to criticise one's rulers—can exist without it; on the other hand, the essence of democracy, which is brotherhood, seems quite incompatible with the constant presentation of violence, bickering, malice and misrepresentation which forms so great a part of the daily fare served up to us by newspapers—newspapers which, it should be remembered, form at least nine-tenths of the total reading matter consumed by the overwhelming majority of people to-day, including, I suspect, most educated people. I was forcibly struck by this paradox when I picked up my morning papers after the brief Christmas holiday—even the newspaper that by almost universal consent is the least sensational and most balanced of all British newspapers, and in the view of many, including myself, is the best daily newspaper in the world. Yet its columns gave little or no indication of all the innumerable acts of love and kindness that must have been enacted in countless homes over the Christmas season. Instead, there was the usual disquieting catalogue of international tensions and domestic bickerings. At Singapore, it seems, the supporters of the triumphant Party in the recent City Council election entered the Chamber, including seven-year-olds with bare feet, "overran the city hall, let off fire-crackers on the steps and then produced brooms to sweep up the relics," subsequently booing a solitary councillor who had the temerity to speak in English—the language of the people who created Singapore city and who have given its people freedom, without pressure or coercion, to govern themselves as they please. As a symbolic and Cromwellian gesture, we were told, the mace was then removed by a vote of the triumphant majority, whose leader brandished a large hammer as the emblem of his Party's political philosophy. In Cyprus, "three Greek Cypriots were murdered by masked men. At the . . . village of Ayios Ambrosios," a man, "aged forty, was beaten to death; near Famagusta," another "aged twenty-two, was stabbed outside his house and died in hospital; and in . . . the village of Loutros a chauffeur . . . was hacked to death with axes while he was in bed."* There was also a first-hand account of the competitive inter-denominational rivalry with which the Christmas feast, half-devotional and half-commercial, was celebrated at Bethlehem. At home under the heading "Vandals Destroy a Church," there was a description of how "vandals who broke into St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Chingford, Essex, on Christmas Day smashed many sacred ornaments before attempting to start a fire. Vases filled with flowers were thrown

on the floor, candlesticks were smashed, carpets were set on fire, and the altar cloth was burnt. The altar table was damaged where the intruders had smashed wooden candlesticks on it. When firemen arrived piles of church papers were burning against the walls."† Other headlines in a comparatively short issue of the paper giving Christmas-tide news were, "Man Sought After Knifing Incident," "Constable Found with Head Injuries," "Canadian Actor Dies After Attack," "25 Africans Die in Clashes," "Spaniards Surprise a Rebel Band." Even in the British Army—a body in which, and in its fellow fighting Services, more genuine peace and goodwill prevails between man and his brother-man than in most organisations dedicated to creating these very virtues—the peace of the Christmas truce would seem, from a reading of the newspapers, to have been slightly ruffled, for, speaking at a Christmas dinner in Scotland, that very great and

charity in a man as continuously busy and away from his own fireside as he. The world is not in reality as contentious and uncharitable a place as the Press presents it, and the Christmas break from newspaper reading mercifully enables one to realise this. And though it is natural that newspapers should concentrate on the exceptional rather than the normal and present in their pages, whether sober or sensational, the explosive rather than the peaceful doings of mankind, the net result of habitual reading of the daily news columns is, I am afraid, to make us all rather more quarrelsome than we might otherwise be. The constant perusal of accounts of the more contentious activities of one's fellow creatures does unfortunately act as an irritant: it makes us, from statesmen to taxi-drivers, from bishops and Trades Union Secretary-Generals to Grub Street journalists like myself, querulous and suspicious of one another. It makes not only individuals, but

whole nations suspicious and resentful. It is hard to believe that international peace will ever be achieved, however horrible and suicidal the weapons of war, so long as international problems are publicly debated and presented in the world's newspapers in the way that they are.

Some time during the late war—I think it was in that period of Far Eastern disasters culminating in the fall of Singapore and the loss of Burma—that great practical philosopher, Sir Winston Churchill, remarked to Lord Alanbrooke that the capacity of man to register calamity was like a 3-in. pipe under a culvert. The pipe goes on passing water through under pressure, but when a flood comes the water flows over the culvert while the pipe goes on handling its 3 ins. and no more. The same principle applies to the acquisition of knowledge; however capacious, the mind can take so much and no more. It is important, therefore, that what it does take should be of the best. For all its immeasurable and saving political virtues as the preserver and guarantor of freedom, the

social weakness of the Press is that it too often tends to prevent the acquisition by the man in the street of the kind of knowledge that promotes wisdom. It disseminates plenty of knowledge of a sort, but it is desiccated and largely useless knowledge, like a good deal of what, I am afraid, is included in our school curriculums. It is miscellaneous information and, though a constant inflow of miscellaneous information may give a man a good, or over-good, conceit of himself, it seldom makes him wise. For it blocks the channels of true knowledge, the knowledge that can enlarge him. The Press cannot be blamed for doing this, for it is the business of a newspaper to sell itself, and it can only sell what the public will buy. But for this reason a man who wishes to be wise—and I am not certain that I should not add, happy, too—will sometimes give himself a rest from reading the newspapers. He will go abroad or on a holiday and refuse to have them forwarded; if he is very strong-minded he will stop his subscription to the *Daily This* or *Daily That* for a month and read the Bible or Plato or Boswell's "Johnson" instead. And avoid the wireless like the plague, so that he can't hear the news repeated every half-hour!



THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF NEW ZEALAND: MR. NASH, THE LABOUR PRIME MINISTER, AND HIS CABINET WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON. Seated, left to right, are: Mr. F. Hackett (Labour, Mines and Immigration); Mr. A. H. Nordmeyer (Finance); Mr. W. Nash (Prime Minister, External Affairs and Maori Affairs); Viscount Cobham, Governor-General; Mr. C. F. Skinner (Deputy Premier, Agriculture and Lands); Mr. H. G. R. Mason (Attorney-General, Justice, Health); Miss M. B. Howard (Social Security and Welfare of Women and Children). Standing (left to right): Mr. W. T. Anderson (Internal Affairs); Mr. P. O. S. Skoglund (Education); Mr. P. N. Holloway (Industry, Commerce, Scientific and Industrial Research); Mr. H. Watt (Works, State Electricity); Mr. E. H. Tirikatene (Forests, Associate to Minister of Maori Affairs); Mr. P. G. Connolly (Defence, Police, War Pensions); Mr. J. Mathison (Transport, Civil Aviation, Tourist and Health Resorts); Mr. R. Boord (Customs, Broadcasting, Information); Mr. M. Moohan (Railways, P.M.G.); Mr. W. A. Fox (Marine, Housing).

kindhearted man, Field Marshal Montgomery, is reported to have remarked of the two brother-officers who were asked by the War Office to resign their Colonelcies over the kilt-and-trews controversy, "I think these retired colonels should have their heads banged together—yes, bang their heads together!"

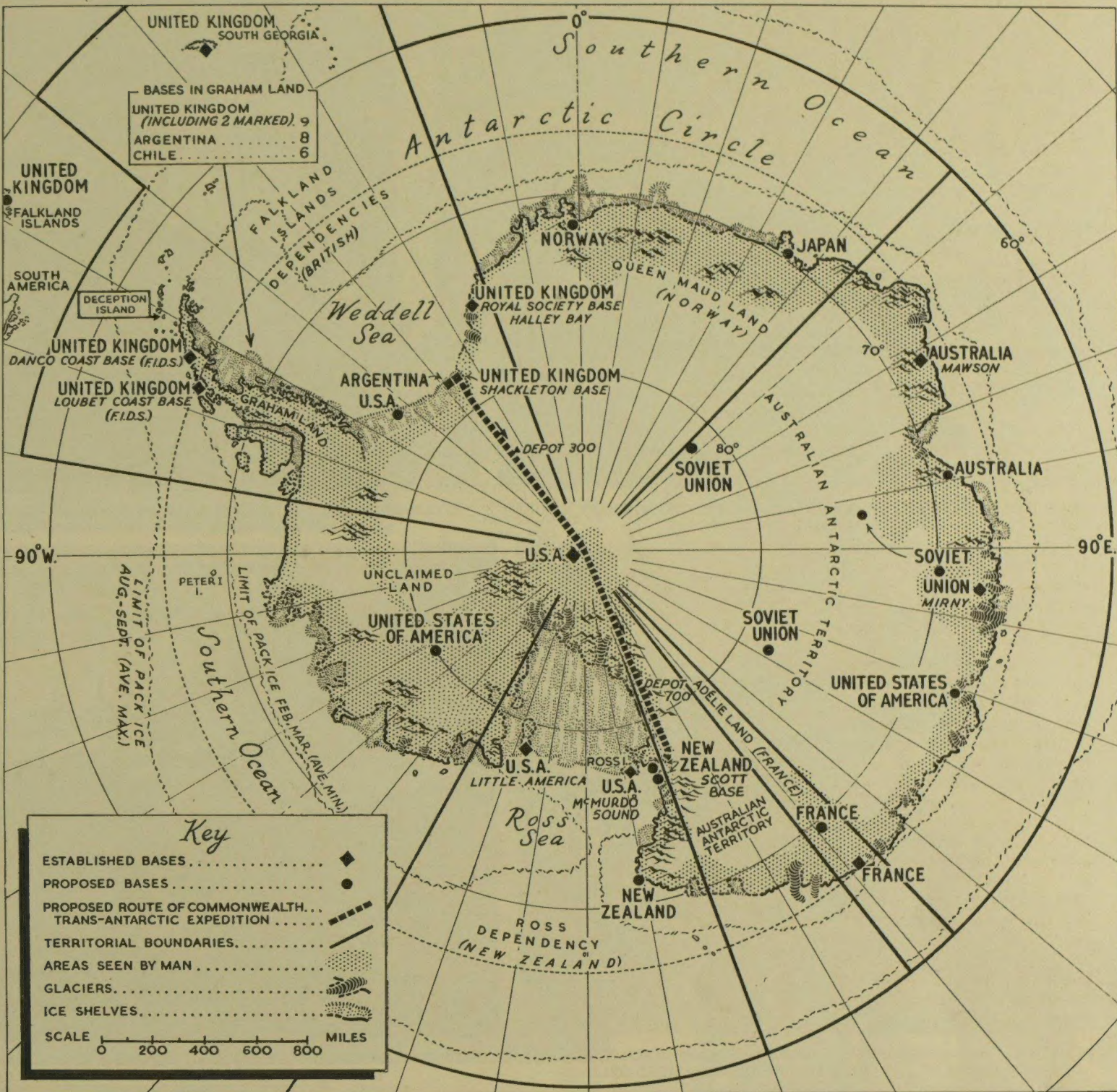
Banging heads together, in other words, and not only metaphorically and in jest as the Field Marshal meant, would seem, as mirrored even in the nation's most restrained and responsible newspaper, to have been mankind's most noteworthy activity over Christmas. And yet one knows perfectly well that this was not so; that nine hundred and ninety-nine men and women out of a thousand, including, for all I know, Mr. Khrushchev himself, spent the season quietly at home, in love and fellowship with their families and friends. Thus Lord Montgomery, when he made the remark reported of him, was attending a Christmas dinner for disabled ex-Servicemen at a hospital in Renfrewshire—an act, when one comes to think of it, of the greatest Christian goodness and

*The Times, December 27, 1957.

†The Times, December 27, 1957.

THE SOUTH POLE: HILLARY'S ROUTE; AND THE TWO CONQUERORS OF 1911/12.

ON the evening of January 3, as reported on our front page, the New Zealand Antarctic tractor train, led by Sir Edmund Hillary, reached the South Pole after a 24-hour thrust, with only enough petrol left for another 20 miles. In the meanwhile the British party, under Dr. Vivian Fuchs, were reported by Sir Edmund to be (on January 4) at 85 degrees South and about 357 miles from the Pole. At that time they were not moving, as they were having trouble with a *Weasel* and were, moreover, in a "White-out." It is understood that Sir Edmund's principal task after returning to Scott Base by air was to be the restocking of Depot 700, as requested by Dr. Fuchs. The South Pole is now, of course, an inhabited base, manned and supplied by air by the Americans. It was a very different matter when Amundsen's party first reached it on foot—"a vast plain, alike in all directions, mile after mile"—and in a series of observations mapped its position during the period Dec. 14-17, 1911. A month later Captain Scott's ill-fated party likewise fought their way to the Pole, only to find that Amundsen had forestalled them; and then, in that terrible last journey back, to perish—first Evans, then Oates (in that famous act of sacrifice) and then the remainder of the party, round about March 27, 1912.



A MAP OF ANTARCTICA SHOWING THE ROUTES FOLLOWED BY THE COMMONWEALTH EXPEDITIONS FROM THEIR BASES TO THE POLE, WITH THE LOCATIONS OF OTHER NATIONAL BASES. [Map reproduced by courtesy of "Discovery."]



"POLE ATTAINED. 14-17 DECEMBER, 1911": MEMBERS OF AMUNDSEN'S PARTY, THE FIRST MEN TO REACH THE SOUTH POLE, MAKING OBSERVATIONS OF THEIR POSITION, WITH THE NORWEGIAN FLAG FLYING. [Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of May 18, 1912.]

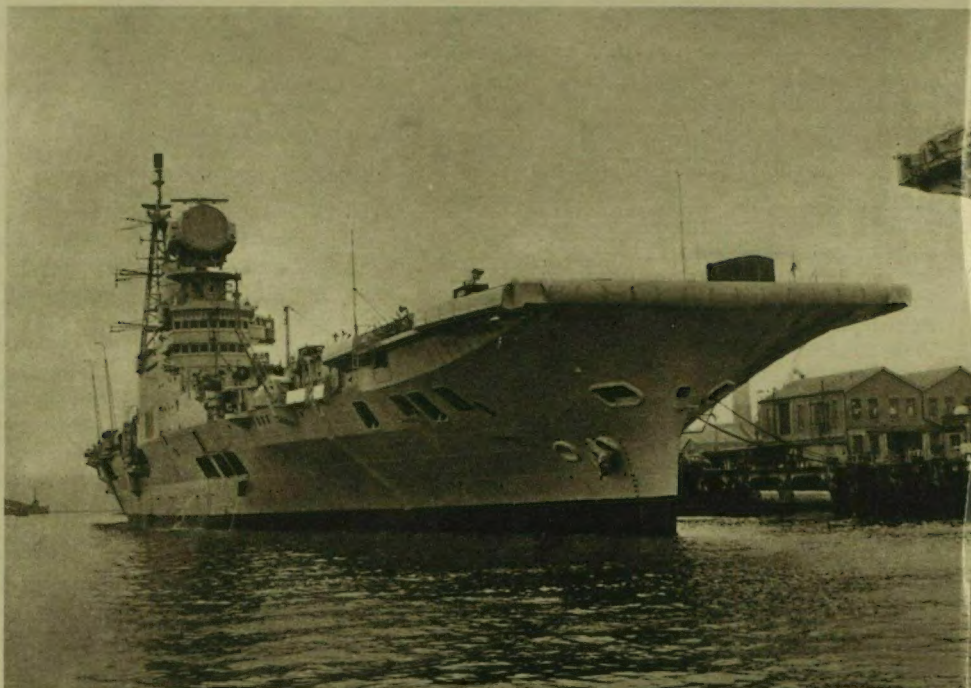


THE POLE ATTAINED AGAIN, A MONTH LATER: CAPTAIN SCOTT'S ILL-FATED PARTY ON JANUARY 18, 1912. (STANDING, L. TO R.) CAPTAIN OATES, CAPTAIN SCOTT, P. O. EVANS; (SEATED, L. TO R.) LIEUTENANT BOWERS AND DR. WILSON. ALL PERISHED ON THE WAY BACK.

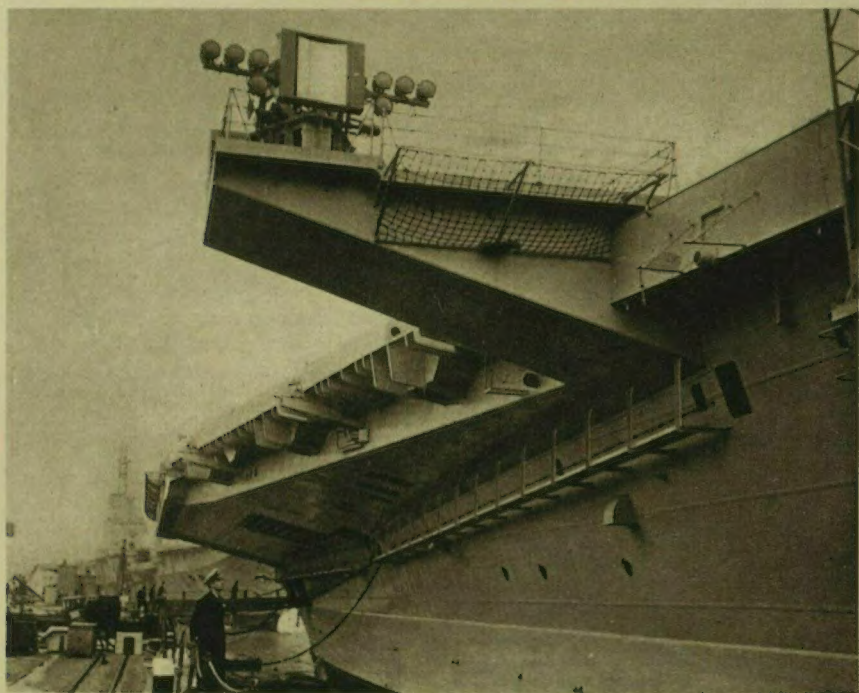
REBUILT AND NOW COMPLETELY MODERNISED: H.M.S. VICTORIOUS.



BEFORE HER MODERNISATION: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER H.M.S. VICTORIOUS TAKEN IN 1949.



AFTER MODERNISATION: A VIEW OF VICTORIOUS, SHOWING THE LARGE CIRCULAR RADAR AERIAL ABOVE THE SUPERSTRUCTURE.



SOME OF THE MODERN EQUIPMENT: ABOVE, A MIRROR LANDING AID, AND BEYOND, PART OF THE OVERHANGING ANGLED FLIGHT DECK.

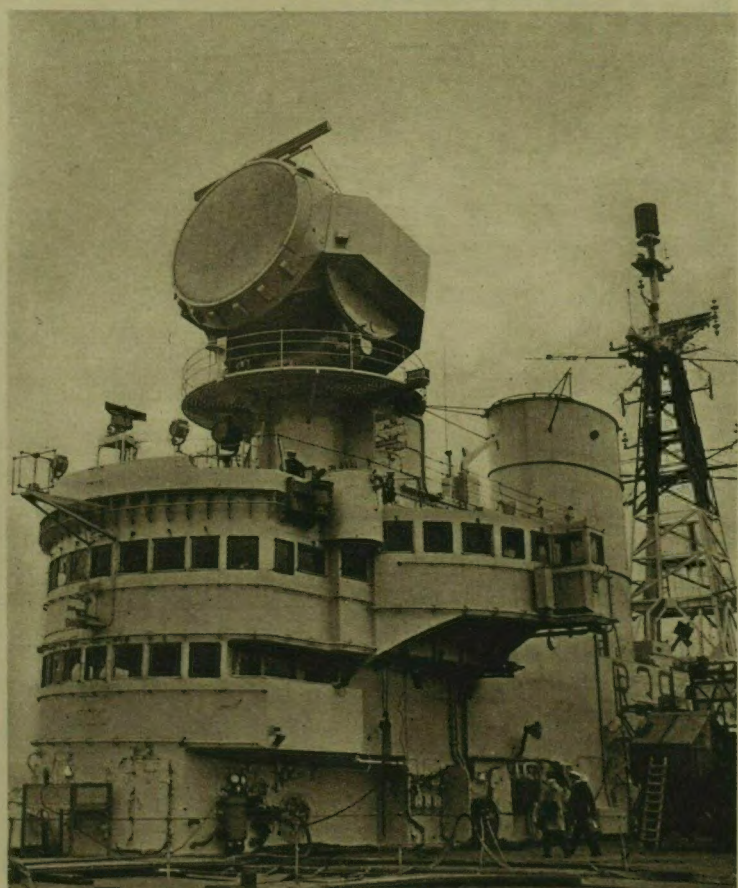


SHOWING CLEARLY THE OVERHANGING EXTENSION FOR THE ANGLED FLIGHT DECK: A VIEW OF THE PORT SIDE OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER.



ON THE FLIGHT DECK: TWO NOTABLE FEATURES OF THE NEW VICTORIOUS ARE THE COMPARATIVELY SMALL SUPERSTRUCTURE AND ITS LARGE CIRCULAR RADAR AERIAL.

H.M.S. VICTORIOUS, a veteran of wartime convoys to Russia, of air actions against *Bismarck* and *Tirpitz*, and of the Far Eastern campaign, has been rebuilt during the past seven years and is now one of the world's most up-to-date aircraft carriers. She is to be commissioned on January 14 and begins her sea trials early next month. From the hangar deck up, *Victorious* is now completely new, and among her modern equipment are the three important British-developed aids to naval flying, the fully-angled flight deck, steam catapults and mirror landing aids. Another important part of her equipment is her radar installation, which is claimed to provide the best ship-borne air defence radar in the world. Before the reconstruction could begin, nearly 15,000 tons of plating, machinery and fittings were removed, to be replaced by some 19,000 tons of similar items. The modernisation of *Victorious* has been one of the biggest operations of the kind ever carried out in this country.



THE FIRST OF ITS KIND TO BE INSTALLED IN A WARSHIP: THE HUGE RADAR AERIAL. VICTORIOUS NOW HAS THE BEST SHIP-BORNE AIR DEFENCE RADAR IN THE WORLD.

PRECEDING PRESIDENT SUKARNO'S TOUR ABROAD: THE ACTING PRESIDENT SWORN IN.



WHEN PRESIDENT SUKARNO DROVE TO THE SWEARING-IN OF DR. SARTONO, SPEAKER OF THE INDONESIAN PARLIAMENT, AS ACTING PRESIDENT: AN ARMED SOLDIER STANDS GUARD.



DURING PRESIDENT SUKARNO'S JOURNEY TO THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING FOR THE SWEARING-IN CEREMONY: ARMED GUARDS ON DUTY.



IN THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING: PRESIDENT SUKARNO DURING THE SWEARING-IN OF THE ACTING PRESIDENT.



TAKING THE OATH AS ACTING PRESIDENT, IN WHICH HE SWORE TO DEFEND THE LIBERTIES AND RIGHTS OF INDONESIA'S INHABITANTS: DR. SARTONO, RIGHT CENTRE. THE PRESIDENT CAN BE SEEN ON HIS RIGHT.

(Above.) RECALLING THAT AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT SUKARNO ON NOV. 30: HIS ARMED ESCORT IN JAKARTA.

WHILE the anti-Dutch campaign was still being pursued in Indonesia, President Sukarno began, on January 6, a six-week holiday tour, during which he was to meet the Indian Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, and the Egyptian President, Colonel Nasser, and was expected to visit a number of Asian countries. President Sukarno was accompanied by the Foreign Minister, Dr. Subandrio, and said his tour had been arranged on medical advice some months ago. On Dec. 20 Dr. Sartono, Speaker of the Indonesian Parliament, was sworn-in as Acting President. (There has been no Vice-President of Indonesia since Dr. Mohammad Hatta resigned about a year ago.) There was a military escort for President Sukarno when he drove to the Parliament building in Jakarta for the swearing-in ceremony, and armed guards lined his route, recalling that only three weeks previously an attempt had been made to assassinate him.



AT THE OPENING OF THE SWEARING-IN CEREMONY: REPRESENTATIVES STAND TO SING THEIR NATIONAL ANTHEM IN THE INDONESIAN PARLIAMENT. RIGHT, THE PRESIDENT AND ACTING PRESIDENT.

ON the last day of the old year the Governor of Cyprus, Sir Hugh Foot, returned to London to report his impressions of a few weeks of governorship. Though the period has been short, it has been remarkable. The Governor has clearly had two ends in view: to see as much as possible with his own eyes and to make himself as familiar as possible to the people of Cyprus. Journalists are guarded in estimating the effects of his progresses and actions, such as the release of a large number of Greek Cypriots who had been under detention. Perhaps they made more impression in this country than in Cyprus, but it can hardly be doubted that the effects were good on balance there also.

The obvious danger is that, should little or nothing come out of the consultations between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Governor—for example, if the ban on the return to Cyprus of Archbishop Makarios should not be lifted—there may be a fresh outbreak of violence, all the fiercer because hopes had been raised and then depressed. Eoka professes to regard Sir Hugh as a setter of traps, but this is the repartee of political controversy and not necessarily sinister from the point of view of future peace. Yet if a new political deadlock were to come about, the hopeful and relatively peaceful situation on the island might be swiftly and drastically changed for the worse.

Sir Hugh Foot is evidently an original, imaginative, and sympathetic man. Yet the skin of the Ethiopian does not change and the official, even after a spree of free speech, feels that he must talk like an official. To this characteristic was perhaps due Sir Hugh's prim little lecture on speculation. What does he expect? If he behaves in a way in which his predecessor never behaved, if the whole governmental atmosphere is changed in the course of a month, if he then hurries home to report, is it reasonable to expect that there will be no speculation about the development of policy? Of course not. In Press and public everyone interested in the subject will, and must, speculate. Press speculation is indeed desirable, if acknowledged to be such.

I propose to speculate. First, I suggest that the behaviour of the Governor in Cyprus, while marked by his own character and temperament, cannot have been wholly without the approbation of the Colonial Office and may to some extent have been inspired by it. Secondly, this may be taken for a sign that the distressing problem requires a new approach. Thirdly, if these suppositions are correct, fresh concrete proposals are likely to be made shortly. At the same time, though the situation is mercifully easier, I think we should beware of assuming that the fundamental difficulty has been removed. I feel sure that a settlement reasonably satisfactory to Greece, Cyprus and the United Kingdom has for some little while been within the bounds of possibility, but for British tenderness for the opposing views of Turkey.

It would not be surprising to find that consideration of the Suez operation had had an influence on ideas about the future of Cyprus. On this point I venture to quote a short passage from my article "Operation Musketeer" in "Brassey's Annual" for 1957.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FRESH CONSULTATIONS ON CYPRUS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

"Cyprus was deficient as an air base and deplorable as a naval. The first disadvantage can be remedied to a considerable extent. The second, the lack of port facilities—indeed, of ports—could hardly be more than partially put right, and that at enormous cost. On the other hand, it is absurd to argue that Cyprus was no good at all. If it was worth while to fly or sail forces to Cyprus in order that they might take off from there, then the island obviously played a key part, even if it played this badly. Yet it



THE GOVERNOR OF MALTA, SIR ROBERT LAYCOCK, IN LONDON FOR URGENT TALKS OVER THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN MALTA.

On December 30 the Maltese Prime Minister, Mr. Mintoff, induced the Malta Legislative Assembly to pass a unanimous resolution to cancel all agreements or obligations to Britain until the British Government guaranteed alternative employment to any dockyard workers discharged. In the early hours of January 2, Sir Robert Laycock, the Governor, arrived in London by air for urgent discussions with the Colonial Office.

that of the security of oil supplies. They would certainly object very strongly to giving it up in the near future. The advantages of bases in territory over which the Government concerned has full control has frequently been emphasised in discussion of the subject. It is true that another Government may demand the evacuation

of a leased or loaned base. On the other hand, the disadvantages of the ill-will and unrest of the population may well nullify such advantages. Nor is it pleasant to feel that this country was saved from an adverse vote by a two-thirds majority in the General Assembly for political reasons only, and that had there been a secret ballot the two-thirds majority for the motion would almost certainly have been obtained.

From the military point of view, then, it has to be decided whether a base which is deficient for small wars, and might be completely blotted out in a big one, is worth an insistence on full political control which is almost certain to lead to further guerrilla resistance. I should myself answer that question in the negative. On the other hand, I must admit that there can now be no certainty of maintaining the base for long without such political control. Years ago I expressed myself optimistically on this matter. Yes, but it is the intervening time that has damaged the prospects. I fear that the opportunities before us are not from this point of view as good as they then were.

Yet there is another aspect, which I believe is gradually becoming clearer in this country. The state of affairs in Cyprus cannot be allowed to continue indefinitely. It reflects badly on our professions. It makes nonsense of our general colonial policy. We have given independence to colonies which, by comparison with the people of Cyprus, are still in the Dark Ages. The great majority of our Press strongly criticises French policy in Algeria, but France has a stake in that country in the shape of a very large French community, while we have nothing of the kind in Cyprus. There are more Britons with permanent homes in Greece than in Cyprus. Whatever one's sentiments about the spirit of the times one must own that it has force—and here it is against us.

Nor can we absolve ourselves from blame for the unheard-of part which Turkey has been allowed to assume in this debate, or for having, in angling for her support, tossed out the bait of partition, a wretched and ridiculous solution in the case of a population with the proportion and the distribution of Greeks and Turks on the island. The Turks could hardly believe their ears, in which state they were at one with the great majority of people in this country, whatever their politics. At least we were not foolish enough to make any pledge, in any eventuality, on this subject, and partition is probably no longer seriously regarded.

Though Sir Hugh Foot dislikes speculation, I justify it as one of the functions of journalism. In this belief I make the

speculative suggestion that a more serious approach to this problem is now being made. I hope I am right, and that it is now realised that we have to take the chief part in, and have the chief responsibility for, a solution. And our proposals need to be practical. A Radcliffe plan will hardly do now; it was full of virtues, but had the disadvantage that no one in Cyprus took the slightest interest in it. It was regarded as beside the point. The Greek Cypriot majority is not asking for a constitution.



THE ISLE OF WIGHT DEPUTATION (LEFT) IN LONDON DURING DISCUSSIONS AT THE BOARD OF TRADE TO MEET THE THREAT OF WIDESPREAD UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE ISLAND.

The Government's decision to cancel support for the development of the SR 177 rocket jet fighter being produced at Cowes by Saunders-Roe will result, it is expected, in the dismissal of at least 1000 employees of the company. A deputation of four (Captain H. J. Ward, Mr. M. Woodnutt, Mr. F. W. Bright and Mr. C. R. Reed), elected by an Isle of Wight conference and accompanied by the clerk of the I.O.W. County Council (Mr. L. H. Baines), was seeking assistance from the Government on measures to alleviate what may well prove a grave situation for the island.

must be considered how much more money it is worth while putting into this base. It would have to be extra good in order to make up for its political disadvantages."

If this is correct, the conclusion must be that the fighting forces would be sorry to have to do without Cyprus altogether, but will in future place less reliance upon it, at all events for the rôle which Sir Anthony Eden ascribed to it,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



THE AZORES. WALKING OVER THE VOLCANIC ASH IN THE ISLAND OF FAYAL, WHERE THREE MONTHS OF VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS HAVE DEPOSITED A "BLACK SNOW."



THE AZORES. THE PICTURE OF DESOLATION: A FARMHOUSE NEAR CAPELINHOS LIGHTHOUSE, FAYAL, BURNT OUT BY THE VOLCANOES AND NOW BURIED IN ASH. Since early in October when a volcanic eruption created a new island in the sea near Capelinhos lighthouse, Fayal, islands of ash have come and gone several times as the volcanic activity has waxed and waned. A third island came into being early in November.



LUEBECK, WEST GERMANY. DAMAGED LIFEBOATS OF THE ILL-FATED SAILING BARQUE *PAMIR*, HELD AS EVIDENCE FOR THE INQUIRY WHICH OPENED ON JANUARY 6. The public inquiry into the loss of the 3103-ton sailing barque *Pamir*, which sank in an Atlantic hurricane last September with a loss of eighty lives, opened at Luebeck on January 6. Witnesses were to include the six survivors of the wreck and the master of *Pamir*'s sister-ship, *Passat*.



ROME. THE FIRST SIGNS OF IMPATIENCE IN THE GLITTERING AUDIENCE AT THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE SEASON IN ROME'S OPERA HOUSE, WHEN MME. CALLAS "WALKED OUT" OF THE PERFORMANCE.



ROME. MME. MARIA CALLAS, THE OPERATIC SOPRANO, CLUTCHING HER THROAT, AFTER SHE HAD REFUSED TO CONTINUE BEYOND THE FIRST ACT OF BELLINI'S "NORMA" ON JANUARY 2.

On January 2 the new season of the Rome Opera House opened in the presence of President Gronchi and a large and distinguished audience with a performance of Bellini's "Norma," with Mme. Maria Callas in the name part. At the end of the first act Mme. Callas refused to continue; and after an interval of some 45 minutes it was announced that the opera would not proceed. The incident caused considerable uproar in Rome. It is said that Mme. Callas lost her voice and a letter of apology was sent to President Gronchi. In a second performance of the opera on January 4, the part of Norma was sung at short notice by Mme. Anita Cerquetti.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



VENEZUELA. ON THE DAY AFTER THE NEW YEAR'S DAY REVOLT: THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE IN CARACAS HEAVILY GUARDED BY TANKS AND ARMoured CARS. THE REVOLT WAS SUPPRESSED WITH ONLY LIGHT CASUALTIES.



VENEZUELA. THE AFTERMATH OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL ARMED REVOLT BY AIRMEN: A BOMB CRATER IN A CARACAS STREET.

On January 1 an armed insurrection against the Government of President Marcos Pérez Jiménez broke out at the Venezuelan Air Force base at Maracay, 50 miles west of the capital, Caracas. On Jan. 2 it was stated that the revolt had been crushed by loyal troops, and that its leaders were in flight.



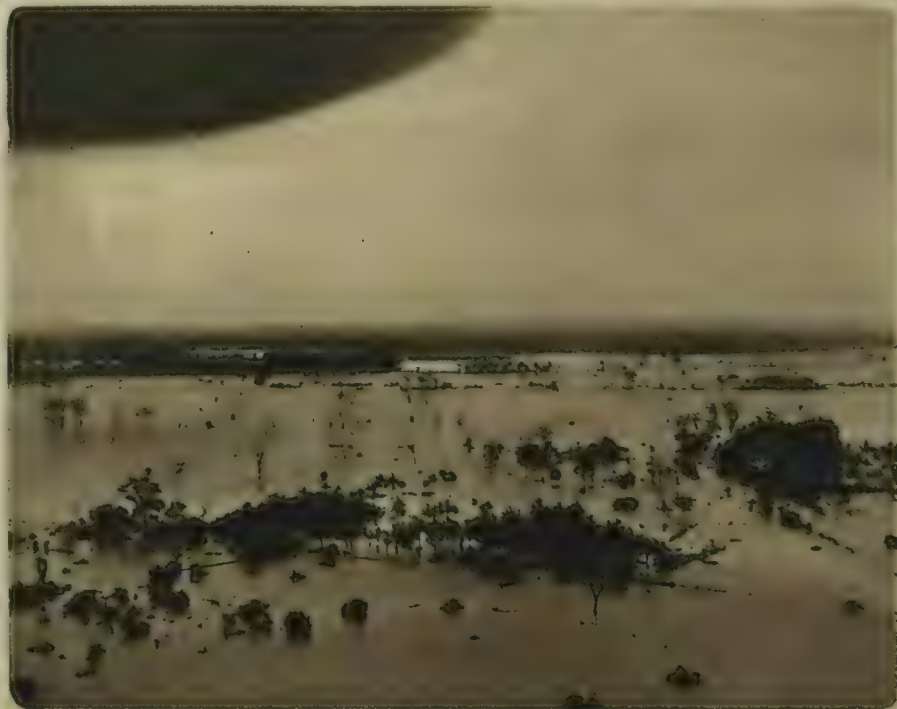
THE BAHAMAS. PART OF A GOOD DAY'S CATCH: MR. DIEFENBAKER, THE CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER, WITH A GROUPEE AND A YELLOW FIN ROCK FISH, WHICH HE CAUGHT IN A DAY OF DEEP-SEA FISHING DURING HIS HOLIDAY AT NASSAU.



MALACCA, EAST INDIES. A REMARKABLE DISPLAY DURING THE ANNUAL FIRE-WALKING FESTIVAL HELD BY THE INDIANS SETTLED IN MALACCA: A MAN WALKING ACROSS THE WHITE-HOT CINDERS CARRYING A LARGE VASE FULL OF FLOWERS BALANCED ON HIS HEAD.



VENEZUELA. THE SUCCESSFUL SUPPRESSOR OF THE VENEZUELAN REVOLT: THE PRESIDENT, COLONEL MARCOS PEREZ JIMENEZ, WHO CAME TO OFFICE IN 1952 AND WAS UNOPPOSED WHEN ELECTED FOR A SECOND TERM ON DECEMBER 15.



CEYLON. AT THE HEIGHT OF THE DISASTROUS FLOODS IN EASTERN CEYLON: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE INUNDATED AREA ROUND THE TOWN OF BATTICALOA.

It is feared that the final death-roll in the Ceylon floods may far exceed the 288 deaths reported by December 31. Tens of thousands were made homeless by the floods, which struck many parts of the island after heavy rain during the Christmas period. Widespread offers of help were made to Ceylon, and British and U.S. Naval vessels sailed to the island with supplies.



CEYLON. SURROUNDED BY SWIRLING FLOOD WATERS: THE JETAVANARAMAYA STUPA IN THE CITY OF ANURADHAPURA, WHICH WAS CUT OFF AND HEAVILY DAMAGED WHEN A NEARBY IRRIGATION SCHEME WAS BREACHED.

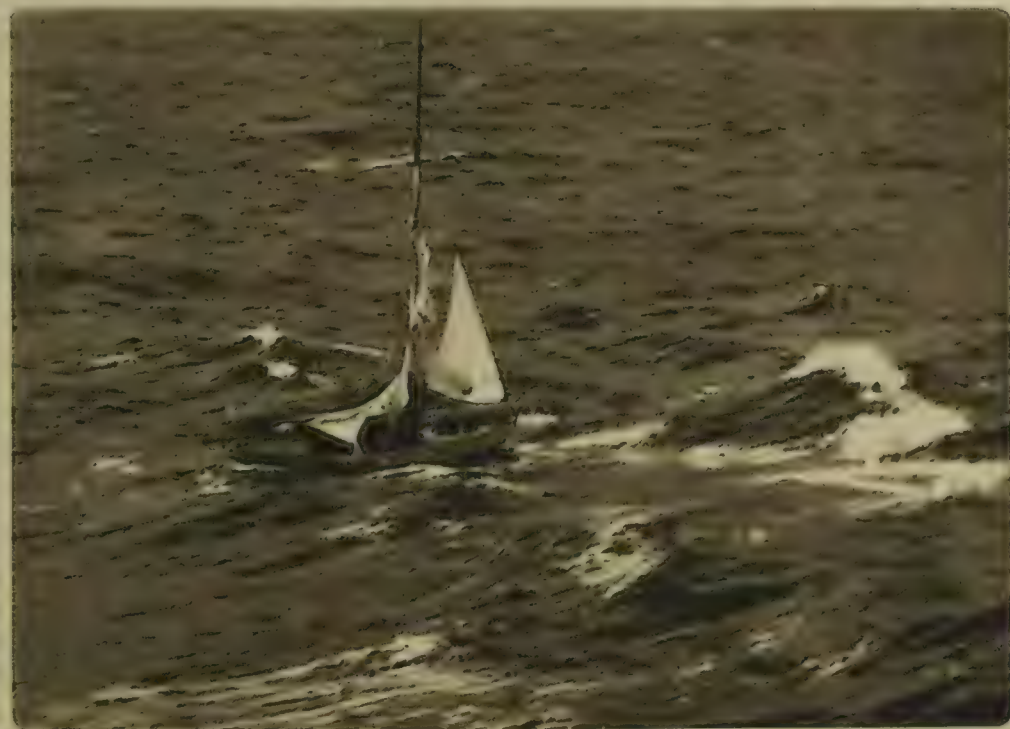
A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



FLORIDA, U.S.A. THE BEGINNING OF DISASTER: THE SPEEDBOAT OF THE ITALIAN CHAMPION, EZIO SILVA, BEGINS TO LEAP FROM THE WATER AT MIAMI BEACH.



FLORIDA, U.S.A. FATAL DISASTER: EZIO SILVA'S HYDROPLANE, HAVING LEAPT FROM THE WATER DURING A RACE, HERE DIVES HEADLONG UNDER WATER. On December 29, at Miami Beach, the hydroplane of the Italian speedboat champion, Ezio Silva, while taking part in the second heat of an international Grand Prix event, suddenly leapt from the water and dived to destruction. Signor Silva was killed instantly.



MID-ATLANTIC. THE TINY SLOOP, FROM WHICH MR. AND MRS. COLIN SULLIVAN WERE RESCUED BY THE U.S. SHIP INDEPENDENCE, DURING THEIR ATTEMPT TO SAIL FROM SPAIN TO BARBADOS.



MID-ATLANTIC. MR. COLIN SULLIVAN, A BRITISH WRITER, WHO WITH HIS WIFE HAD BEEN ATTEMPTING AN ATLANTIC CROSSING IN A SLOOP, BEING TAKEN INTO THE SICK BAY OF S.S. INDEPENDENCE.



THE EAST GERMAN-WEST GERMAN BORDER. WHERE THE IRON CURTAIN DIVIDES A VILLAGE: THE FRONTIER WHICH RUNS THROUGH THE VILLAGE OF ZICHERIE, NEAR HELMSTEDT.



KADUNA, NORTH NIGERIA. THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE SUDAN (RIGHT) BEING GREETED AT THE AIRPORT BY THE PREMIER OF THE NORTHERN REGION, ALHAJI AHMADU. On December 11 the Prime Minister of the Sudan, Sayed Abdullah Khalil, accompanied by his Minister of Social Affairs and officials, began an eight-day official visit to the Federation of Nigeria. Among subjects discussed, it is believed, was the question of a possible railway link between Nigeria and Sudan, crossing French territory.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



UNITED STATES. THE FIRST OFF THE BOEING AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION LINE AT SEATTLE: A BOMARC TACTICAL SUPERSONIC INTERCEPTOR MISSILE.

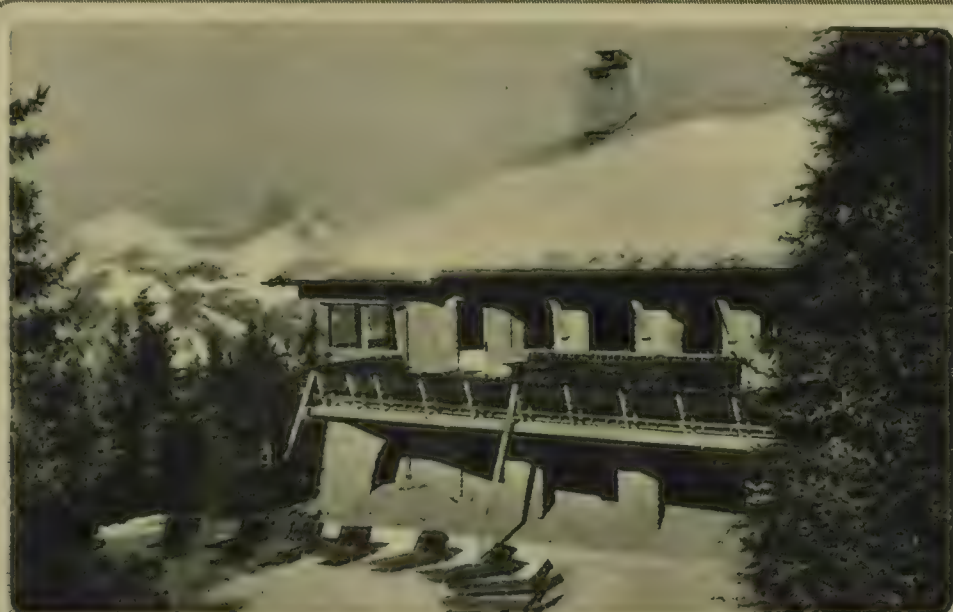
On November 8, five days after the launching of the second Russian earth satellite, President Eisenhower broadcast to the American nation, and gave an assurance that the American missile programme, which was already well advanced, would be further co-ordinated and speeded up. He spoke of thirty-eight different types of missile in operation or under development. Among these is the *Bomarc*, which is now in production at the Seattle works of the Boeing Aircraft Company. *Bomarc* missiles will be used at bases around the United States for defence against aerial attack. The *Bomarc* is a radio-guided long-range interceptor missile with automatic target radar. It weighs 5000 lb. and has a speed of 1650 m.p.h.



UNITED STATES. A REMARKABLE ESCAPE AT CLEVELAND, OHIO: THE PILOT OF AN AIRCRAFT TRAPPED 85 FT. ABOVE THE GROUND, IN THE BRANCHES OF TREES, CLIMBING DOWN A FIRE ESCAPE.



ITALY. UNVEILED ON DECEMBER 29 AT BORGO SAN LORENZO: A CERAMIC STATUE OF FIDO, AN AMAZINGLY FAITHFUL DOG, WHO DOES NOT SEEM TO BE ADMIRING IT. On page 871 of our issue of November 23 we published photographs of the presentation of a gold medal to Fido, the remarkable dog who has been waiting faithfully for 13 years for the return of his dead master. Now the people of Borgo San Lorenzo have erected a statue to him.



SWITZERLAND. RECENTLY OPENED BY THE EARL OF WARWICK: THE NEW CHALET, OF THE EXCLUSIVE EAGLE SKI CLUB, WHICH IS 2000 METRES UP ON THE WASSERNGRAT, NEAR GSTAAD.



AUSTRALIA. DURING HIS ENTHRONEMENT IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE, ON DECEMBER 15: THE RIGHT REV. FRANK WOODS, THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE (LEFT), KNEELING BEFORE THE ALTAR. On December 17 the Right Rev. Frank Woods, formerly Bishop Suffragan of Middleton, was enthroned as fifth Archbishop of Melbourne. St. Paul's Cathedral was filled to capacity for the ceremony, and outside a crowd of more than 2000 watched the new Archbishop's arrival at the Cathedral door.



ITALY. ERECTED 2000 METRES ABOVE SEA-LEVEL ON THE SERENISSIMA PEAK IN THE ITALIAN ALPS: THE HUGE COPPER STATUE OF "OUR LADY OF EUROPE" WHICH IS TO BE INAUGURATED IN SEPTEMBER. IT IS 45 FT. HIGH.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: IMPORTANT ACQUISITIONS OF 1957.



"ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1774-1843": A MINIATURE BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST BEQUEATHED TO THE GALLERY BY THE POET'S GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER, MRS. E. A. BOULT. (Water-colour on ivory: 5½ by 4 ins.)



"ANNE OF DENMARK, QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES I": A SUPERB MINIATURE BY ISAAC OLIVER, PURCHASED WITH THE HELP OF A CONTRIBUTION FROM THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND. (Water-colour on ivory: 2½ by 1½ ins.)



"WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 1809-1898," DRAWN BY H. MULLER IN ROME IN 1839: IN THE EXHIBITION OF RECENT ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. (Chalk on paper: 10½ by 8½ ins.)



"PETER KING, 7TH BARON KING, 1776-1833," PAINTED BY JOHN LINNELL IN 1832. LORD KING WAS A WRITER ON CURRENCY. (Oil on panel: 15 by 11½ ins.)



"THOMAS SACKVILLE, 1ST EARL OF DORSET, 1536-1608": AN IMPRESSIVE PORTRAIT OF THE STATESMAN AND POET BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST. (Oil on panel: 43½ by 34½ ins.)



"HENRY VIII WITH HIS FATHER, HENRY VII": THE FAMOUS CARTOON BY HANS HOLBEIN FROM CHATSWORTH, WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY BY HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT. (Ink and wash on paper, mounted on canvas: 8 ft. 5½ ins. by 4 ft. 6 ins.)

THE outstanding portrait acquired during 1957 by the National Portrait Gallery is the famous Holbein Cartoon from Chatsworth, the miraculously preserved working drawing for the left-hand side of the great painting commissioned in 1537 by Henry VIII for the Privy Chamber in his Palace at Whitehall. This masterpiece, which showed Henry VIII with his third Queen, Jane Seymour, and his parents, Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, was destroyed in the fire of 1698. The Holbein is on view with the other acquisitions of 1957, which range in date from the 16th to the 20th century.



"DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE, 1885-1930": A MINIATURE BY DOROTHY BRETT PURCHASED BY THE GALLERY. (Oil on millboard: 7 by 6½ ins.)



"JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, 1836-1914," BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT. SIGNED AND DATED, 1896. BEQUEATHED BY THE SITTER'S WIDOW. (Oil on canvas: 65 by 37½ ins.)

EXCAVATING A BAHREIN CITADEL OF 5000 YEARS AGO; AND SEAL LINKS WITH UR AND MOHENJO-DARO.

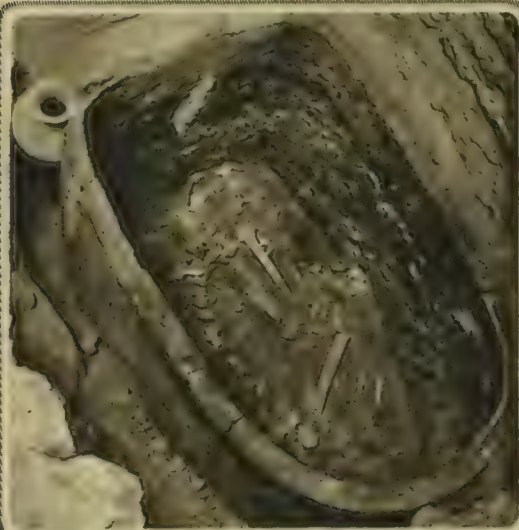


FIG. 1. A "BATH-TUB" COFFIN (SEE ALSO FIG. 3) OF EARTHENWARE, PLASTERED INSIDE AND OUT WITH BITUMEN. IT WAS ROBBED IN ANTIQUITY.

In our last issue, Professor P. V. Glob described the work of the Danish Archaeological Mission in Bahrain, with especial reference to the three temples of Barbar. MR. GEOFFREY BIBBY here discusses other aspects of the excavations.

AS the last article revealed, the expedition was successful in its search for a settlement contemporary with the 100,000 grave-mounds, discovering in its first campaign, in addition to a number of other extremely significant sites, a large tell covering a considerable city. This tell lies on the north coast of Bahrain, surrounded by date plantations and gardens. A tiny village of some six huts still lies on a corner of the site, while the highest point on the tell is crowned by the ruins of an imposing fort, erected—or at least, considerably rebuilt—by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century. The moat around this fort, called Qala'at al-Bahrain, dug down to bedrock, provided an obvious point of attack, and the first trenches were dug outwards from this feature. Almost immediately they struck the walls of a huge

(Continued below.)



FIG. 2. AN EARLY FIRST MILLENNIUM BURIAL IN AN OVAL PEDESTALLED COFFIN OF EARTHENWARE, DUG INTO THE THIRD MILLENNIUM LEVEL OF THE CENTRAL BUILDING.



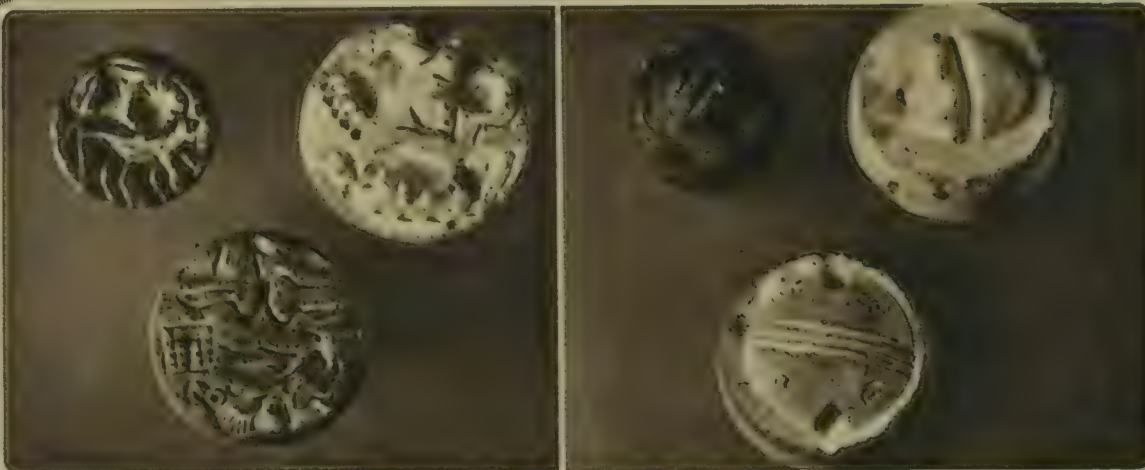
FIG. 3. LOOKING DOWN INTO THE ANCIENT CITADEL. THE MAN IS STANDING AT THE THIRD MILLENNIUM LEVEL, HIS BRUSH RESTING BY THE FIRST MILLENNIUM COFFIN.



FIG. 4. MEN OF THE BAHREIN OF TO-DAY—MEMBERS OF THE RULER'S ENTOURAGE—VISITING THE EXCAVATIONS OF THE BAHREIN OF 5000 YEARS AGO.

(Continued.)

building constructed of squared limestone blocks each measuring up to a metre in length and 30-40 cms. in height. The walls were still standing to a height of about 15 ft. (Fig. 4). Three further campaigns have exposed a considerable area of this building and the outer wall has at one point been reached. Except at this point, however, the immense masonry walls still run on into the sides of the excavation, and no coherent plan can yet be detected. Much can, nevertheless, be said about the history of the building. It was erected in the Third Millennium B.C. This is shown by the pottery found in the lowest occupation levels of the building, above the original gypsum floor and below the two similar floors later added. This pottery is of the type found at the Barbar temples, which are dated by imported Mesopotamian objects to the period of the Royal Graves at Ur. The building was still in use in the early centuries of the First Millennium B.C., and from that period extremely fascinating discoveries have been made, while even as late as 1000 years ago the upper portions of the walls, still projecting above the surface, have been incorporated into early Islamic houses. During the First Millennium B.C. the building was clearly in use as a temple and mortuary chapel (Figs. 1-3). No fewer than four elaborate burials from this period have been found, as well as a number of child skeletons laid to rest in large bowls. The adult burials lay in one case in a large oval, pedestalled sarcophagus (Fig. 2) of red earthenware; in the other three cases in deep, bath-tub-shaped coffins (Fig. 1) of earthenware painted inside and out with bitumen and originally closed by a wooden and gypsum lid. All except one of these coffins had been robbed, though the skeletons still lay in their original contracted posture. The unrobbed grave gave a rich haul of bronzes, a bowl (Fig. 11), a strainer and two ladles (Fig. 10), as well as an iron dagger, bronze rings and a stamp-seal of agate (Fig. 8) bearing a design which confirms the date of the burial to about 700 B.C. Beside the red earthenware sarcophagus stood a cubical altar, fashioned like the Barbar temples of the close-grained imported Jidrah limestone and



FIGS. 5 AND 6. THREE STAMP SEALS OF STEATITE (LEFT, OVERSE; RIGHT, REVERSE) FOUND WITHIN THE WALLS OF PREHISTORIC BAHREIN AND LINKING IT WITH THE INDUS VALLEY CIVILISATION AND EARLY DYNASTIC SUMER.

contrasting sharply with the local stone of which the remainder of the building is constructed. The function of this altar—and perhaps the deity to whom it was dedicated—was revealed by over a dozen votive deposits buried in holes in the floor and ranged in a rough semi-circle to the west of the altar. They consisted for the most part of covered bowls, and in four of these lay, still neatly coiled up, the skeletons of snakes (Fig. 9). Among these offerings lay a necklace of precious and semi-precious stones. It seems reasonable to conclude that the deity to which this necklace was offered was feminine, and the snake offerings, unique though they are, might well point to the snake goddess so well known from Crete and Bronze-Age Europe. [In the second campaign a large early Islamic fort was found, with, below it, remains of First Millennium settlements, among which were some sherds of Attic ware.] Finally, nearly 100 yards from high-water mark, the wall of the prehistoric city was found. Though completely robbed of its outer facing stones, its gypsum-and-rubble core was still a dozen feet thick and stood in places to a height of 15 ft. During the First Millennium B.C. houses had been built on to the outer northern face of the wall, and there lay thick strata full of sherds of the thin

(Continued opposite.)

SNAKE SACRIFICES IN FIRST MILLENNIUM BAHREIN WHICH EVOKE THE SNAKE GODDESS OF CRETE.



(Above.)
FIG. 7. A TERRACOTTA HEAD OF SELEUCID OR EARLY PARTHIAN DATE, FOUND OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THE EARLIER CITY. ITS DATE IS SOMEWHERE ABOUT 0 B.C.-A.D.



(Left.)
FIG. 8. AN AGATE STAMP-SEAL OF A KING MAKING A LIBATION BEFORE THE TREE OF LIFE: FOUND IN ONE OF THE "BATH-TUB" BURIALS AND DATING FROM ABOUT THE EARLY SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 9. PERHAPS A LINK WITH THE SNAKE-GODDESS OF CRETE AND EUROPE: A BOWL WITH THE SKELETON OF A SNAKE—ONE OF SEVERAL FOUND IN A FIRST MILLENNIUM SHRINE AT BAHREIN.



FIG. 10. A STRAINER (LEFT) AND A DIPPER LADLE WITH A SWIVELLING HANDLE: TWO OF THE BRONZE UTENSILS FOUND IN ONE OF THE "BATH-TUB" BURIALS.



FIG. 11. A SHALLOW BRONZE BOWL WHICH, WITH THE BRONZES SHOWN IN FIGS. 10 AND 12, WAS FOUND IN THE ONLY UNROBBED "BATH-TUB" BURIAL OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.

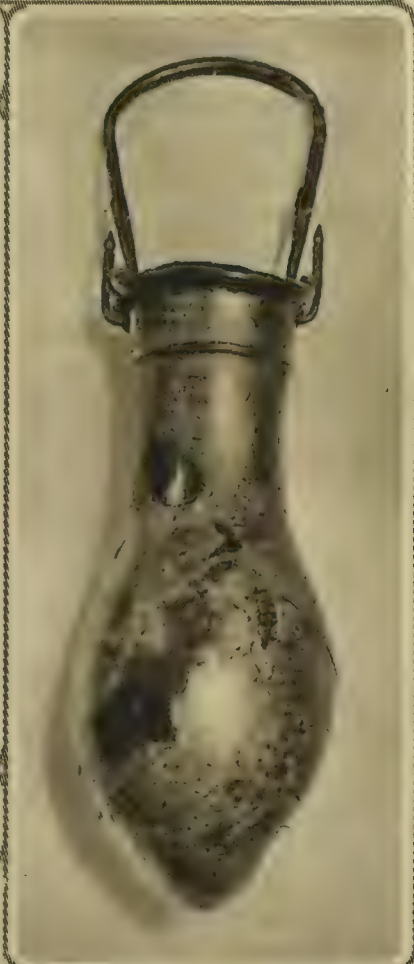


FIG. 12. A HANDLED EWER OF BRONZE, FOUND WITH FIGS. 8, 10 AND 11, IN A GRAVE IN WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN A SHRINE OR MORTUARY CHAPEL.

Continued.
red-burnished bowls and grey-glazed ware of the period, while a sherd of coarse native ware with a name scratched on it in Greek showed that Greek sailors and not merely Greek merchandise had reached the island in the fourth century B.C. But within the wall the picture was entirely different. There, below a considerable Islamic building level lay no Greek or "Parthian" ware. Instead, there were two building levels of streets and houses built in clay-set stone and, above, between and below them, layer after layer containing the well-known red-ridged ware dated from the Barbar temples to the Third Millennium B.C. Among it were considerable quantities of black-on-red and black-on-buff painted ware, scraps of ivory and, most significant of all, three round stamp-seals of a type already known, though in significantly small numbers, from the cities of Mesopotamia and from Mohenjo-Daro, in the Indus Valley (Figs. 5 and 6). Much has been written about these seals since it was first appreciated that they form the most convincing evidence of trade between Mesopotamia and the Indus Civilisation in the Sargonid and immediately following periods. Only 24 of them have been found: 17 in Mesopotamia (including 13 at Ur), 3 at Mohenjo-Daro, and 4 now in Bahrein, including one discovered on the surface four years ago. Their significance lies in the fact that the designs on them are in most cases identical with those of the normal type of Indus Valley seal, but they appear just as foreign in the Indus Valley, where the vastly preponderating number of seals are square in shape, as they do in Mesopotamia, where cylinder seals

predominate. It now appears at least a possibility that they are native to Bahrein, on the route between the two. They would appear to date most satisfactorily to about 2400 B.C., at a time when we know from Mesopotamian written records that there was extensive trade between the cities of Sumeria and three mercantile centres down the Gulf, Dilmun, Magan and Meluhha. Dilmun is now certainly to be identified with Bahrein, Meluhha is in high probability the Indus Civilisation itself, and Magan should probably be sought in the neighbourhood of Sohar, in Muscat. It is thus clear that a flourishing mercantile state existed in Bahrein during the Third Millennium and early Second Millennium B.C., when trade between Mesopotamia and the Indus was at its height. When the Aryan invaders overthrew the Indus Valley cities in the Second Millennium the bottom fell out of the Indies trade, and Bahrein stagnated until the re-emergence of city life in India in the First Millennium opened up a new period of prosperity for the Persian Gulf. And we can now place a date on the enigmatical grave-mounds of Bahrein. For the pottery found in these mounds includes red-ridged vases of precisely the same type as appear in the levels dated by the stamp-seals to the latter half of the Third Millennium B.C.

THE NEW YEAR HONOURS: SOME OF THE MANY AWARDS.



CREATED A BARON: SIR NORMAN BIRKETT, LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL FROM 1950 TO 1957. Sir Norman Birkett, who was until last year Lord Justice of Appeal and who was a Judge of the King's Bench Division from 1941 to 1950, was created a Baron in the New Year Honours. Sir Norman headed the recent inquiry into telephone tapping. Only two new baronies were created in the Honours List, the other being awarded to Sir John Harding.



DESIGNATED A K.C.V.O.: MR. CHARLES WHEELER, P.R.A. Mr. Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy for the past year, was designated a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. All P.R.A.s since the institution of the Victorian Order in the last century have been admitted to it with one exception—Sir Edwin Lutyens, who received the higher honour of the O.M. Mr. Wheeler was elected R.A. in 1940.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. WALTER BARRIE. Mr. Walter Barrie, Chairman of Lloyd's, was designated a Knight Bachelor. Mr. Barrie was educated at Merchiston Castle, Edinburgh, and at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. He entered Lloyd's in 1926, and first served on the Committee in 1946, becoming Deputy Chairman in 1951. He was President, Insurance Institute of London, 1955-56.



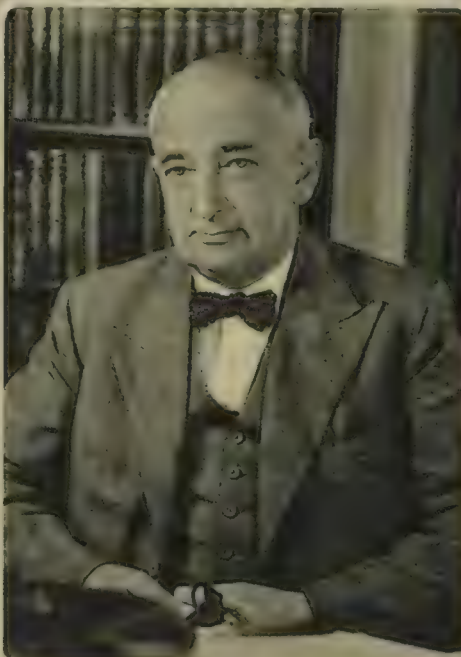
CREATED A BARON: FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING, FORMER GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS. Field Marshal Sir John Harding, recently home from his arduous appointment as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Cyprus, was one of the two Barons who headed the New Year List. Before his appointment to Cyprus in 1955, he was Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and had previously been C.-in-C., B.A.O.R., and C.-in-C., Far East Land Forces.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. C. A. ELLIOTT, PROVOST OF ETON. Mr. C. A. Elliott, the Provost of Eton College, was designated a Knight Bachelor. Mr. Elliott was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and since 1910 has been a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. From 1933 to 1949 he was Headmaster of Eton, and is a former President of the Alpine Club. In the First World War he served at the Admiralty. He is the son of Sir Charles Elliott, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.



CREATED A BARONET: SIR HARRY PLATT, FORMER PRESIDENT, R.C.S. Sir Harry Platt, lately President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, was created a Baronet. Educated at Victoria University of Manchester, he is Emeritus Professor of Orthopaedic Surgery at Manchester University, and is Hon. President of the International Orthopaedic Society.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. S. C. ROBERTS, MASTER OF PEMBROKE, CAMBRIDGE. Mr. Sydney Castle Roberts, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, was designated a Knight Bachelor. He was educated at Brighton College and at the College of which he is now Master. He has been a Cambridge Borough Councillor, and is a former Vice-Chancellor of the University.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: DR. JULIAN HUXLEY, F.R.S. Dr. Julian Huxley, F.R.S., the biologist and writer, was one of a number of men distinguished in the academic sphere to be designated a Knight Bachelor. He has held a number of academic appointments, and has frequently written and broadcast on biological and other subjects. The grandson of T. H. Huxley, the eminent Victorian scientist, and brother of Mr. Aldous Huxley, the writer, he was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. GERARD D'ERLANGER, CHAIRMAN, B.O.A.C. Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger, the Chairman of British Overseas Airways Corporation, was designated a Knight Bachelor. Educated at Eton, and later becoming a chartered accountant, he was before the war a Director of British Airways, and holds many important appointments in the commercial sphere. From 1939 to 1945 Mr. d'Erlanger was Commanding Officer, Air Transport Auxiliary.



DESIGNATED D.B.E.: MISS ROSE MACAULAY. Miss Rose Macaulay, the well-known writer, was designated a D.B.E. Over 100 of the more than 2000 to receive awards in the New Year Honours were women. Among others representing the arts were Miss Barbara Hepworth, the sculptress, and Madame Alicia Markova.



APPOINTED COMPANION OF HONOUR: LORD NUFFIELD. The solitary Companion of Honour to be appointed in the New Year Honours was Lord Nuffield, "for public and philanthropic services." The benefactions of Viscount Nuffield, who is eighty, have been estimated to total some £28 million. He was created Baron in 1935 and Viscount in 1938.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. W. R. J. COOK, DIRECTOR OF BRITISH NUCLEAR TRIALS IN THE PACIFIC. Mr. W. R. J. Cook, Deputy Director of the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston and Scientific Director of the British nuclear trials in the Pacific last June, was designated a Knight Bachelor. Educated at Trowbridge High School and Bristol University, he was Chief of R.N. Scientific Service, 1950 to 1954.

WORK IN PROGRESS AT THE R.A.F. CHURCH: THE RESTORATION OF ST. CLEMENT DANES.



BEAUTIFULLY RESTORED TO THE DESIGNS OF THE ORIGINAL WREN CHURCH: PART OF THE SOUTH GALLERY AND NAVE ROOF OF ST. CLEMENT DANES, IN THE STRAND.

WORK is far advanced in the restoration of St. Clement Danes, the beautiful Wren church on an island site in the Strand, which was gutted by a German oil bomb in 1941. It is being rebuilt as the central church of the Royal Air Force, to serve as a perpetual shrine of R.A.F. remembrance. The architect, Mr. W. A. F. Lloyd, has kept as far as possible to the original designs of Christopher Wren, and has also preserved the magnificent steeple added in 1719 by James Gibbs. The decoration of the interior is making rapid progress and much of the ornate plaster work of the ceiling has been completed. This is being carried out by the Clapham firm of Clark and Fenn. Fibrous plaster, moulded in the workshop, is being used. It is suspended from the steel framework of the roof on a padding of plaster, canvas and cement. The nave and galleries are being panelled in darkened oak. It is hoped that the restoration of St. Clement Danes will be completed by the autumn.



SHOWING THE SCAFFOLDING ON WHICH THE PLASTERERS HAVE BEEN WORKING: A VIEW INSIDE ST. CLEMENT DANES TO-DAY. THE CEILING IS MADE OF FIBROUS PLASTER SUSPENDED FROM THE STEEL ROOF CONSTRUCTION.



LOOKING EAST ALONG THE SOUTH GALLERY: THE COLUMNS ARE OF STEEL CASED IN CONCRETE, WHICH IS SURROUNDED BY A FIBROUS PLASTER CASING.



AT THE EAST END OF THE NAVE ROOF: A CRAFTSMAN AT WORK ON THE INSCRIPTION BELOW THE ORNATE STUART ROYAL CREST. ST. CLEMENT DANES IS BEING REBUILT AS THE ROYAL AIR FORCE CHURCH.



USING 23½-CARAT GOLD LEAF: A CRAFTSMAN AT WORK ON THE GILDING OF THE ORNATE CEILING DECORATIONS ABOVE THE ALTAR IN THE APSE. THE RESTORATION IS EXPECTED TO BE COMPLETED BY THE AUTUMN.

NAZISM—FROM IDEALIST BIRTH TO RUTHLESS MATURITY.

"HITLER: THE MISSING YEARS." By ERNST ('PUTZI') HANFSTAENGL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"HITLER: The Missing Years," is a puzzling title to me. The years of Hitler's life covered in this book are those between his accession, in Munich, to the young National-Socialist Party to 1937 when "Putzi" fled abroad, because he knew that the gangsters were after his blood. But had Hitler died in 1937 we could still, did we so desire, know a great deal about his public life during his struggle for power, his early exercise of power, and his utter corruption by power. Something, also, we know of Corporal Schickelgruber's war years: "I was a front-line soldier" was a constant refrain in his speeches—as though that were, in Europe, an exceptional thing to have been. The years which, to a large extent, are still veiled, in the story of one of the World's Greatest Destroyers (an appellation which he would not have disdained to accept, this man who was haunted by Wagnerian climaxes), are those of his early youth in Linz and Vienna, and in Munich, in the years before the Prussians, inebriated by generations of successful aggression, launched one more attack on civilisation, with the mild apology, from a German Chancellor, that an international treaty was merely "a scrap of paper."

What really was happening to Hitler in those days? We know from "Mein Kampf" that he tried to get into the Vienna School of Architecture, and was not chosen; and that he saw there certain Jews from Eastern Europe, with tall hats, long coats, and long matted locks, who gave him (according to himself, writing in gaol after an unsuccessful "putsch") a shuddery feeling about the whole race. According to Hanfstaengl, who for years was his Chief Liaison Officer with the Foreign Press, Hitler was not really Anti-Semite but was influenced by Jewish, or half-Jewish, fanatics who surrounded him, like Rosenberg, the inventor of the Nordic Mythos, and the abominable Streicher. Before the last War, and just after the beginning of it, I read a quantity of books called "I Was Hitler's Housemaid," "I Was Hitler's Butler," and so on. In one of them the assertion was made that Hitler (Schickelgruber) was himself a quarter Jew, because of an adulterous connection between a maid-servant grandmother of his and a very rich man in Vienna.

I know nothing of that. I don't even want to look at the evidence, which could never help the millions of Jews who went through those atrocious camps, were exterminated in gas-chambers, and had their boots and shoes and the very gold-fillings of their teeth carefully preserved and recorded, not by Nazi fanatics, but by methodical Germans. But I do think that the architectural thing is fundamental. Hitler was a disappointed artist: a type to which Napoleon and Mussolini also conform: if they can't get famous (a silly ambition unless you really want to serve God or your neighbour) in one way, you will do it in another. Building was always his passion. I saw some drawings of his, years ago. I can't remember where, but there was one, a bold thing in charcoal, of a shattered church on the Western Front. Hanfstaengl says that throughout his career he not merely doodled but, if challenged, drew perfect "elevations" of buildings he had never seen, like the Houses of Parliament, "Notre Dame" and the Eiffel Tower. As for the buildings in England, Hanfstaengl, who was

a "student" at Harvard and knew England, says that Hitler saw no point in going there since he knew all about it already. The only two British heroes he recognised were Henry the VIII and Cromwell: he especially wished to visit the spot on which Henry VIII's wives lost their heads. Later, the only Briton for whom he had any respect was Lloyd-George. The whole three of them were Welshmen, in tail-male; and I had better leave it to some German theorist to sort that out.

by violence of words, have been either impotent or epileptic; they have had to "get their own back."

But I had better get back to "Putzi." I think he is fair to Hitler. Like many another German he thought that Hitler would pick up the bits, in a Conservative way, after the first Great War: Hitler, after many years, had a certain amount of financial support from the industrialists, because they thought he would back them; he had a backdoor support from the monarchists, because they thought he was backing their return: but he was never a monarchist, never a Nationalist, and never a Socialist: he was a Hitlerite, and wished to achieve glory. He wanted to be famous after death, and, failing world-conquest, to go down in a blaze of Wagnerian glory. In such a blaze he went to his death, accompanied by Eva Braun, who was presumably fascinated by him; just as Mussolini, turned upside-down and naked with his faithful Clara Petacci, went to his doom.

This book throws little light on the real "missing-years" of Hitler: the years when he was peddling little water-colours of Vienna in small Viennese cafés; the years when that tremendous Marble-Arch voice was cooped up. There must be people still alive who can tell us something about the frustrated little artist of those years, who so constantly bit his nails.

"Putzi" Hanfstaengl, when he joined the Party (and it must be remembered that after the 1914 War straws had to be clutched in Germany), had no notion that he was joining a mixed gang of revolutionaries, murderers and crooks. He was a respectable publisher of art-reproductions in Munich, New York and London (I hope that my memory doesn't betray me when I say that I think I remember replicas of Van Gogh's "Sunflower" in the Arcade of the Ritz), and his ambition always was to keep Hitler in check, and keep his finances in order.

Hitler had no notion of keeping finances in order: he couldn't even keep an appointment. If a person like "Putzi" tried to introduce some sort of order into his accounts he suspected him of embezzlement.

Years after they had parted Hitler said in his "Table-Talk": "His rapacity and avarice frequently made Hanfstaengl impossible to deal with. On one occasion in some small peasants' tavern he made the whole company look ridiculous by raising a frightful row over the bill for a supper which, mark you, he wasn't being called upon to pay for personally, and on which, in any case, there had been an overcharge of only threepence! He was a mighty consumer of vegetables—but he never ordered any for himself; instead—and this is typical of the man—he kept a sharp eye on the rest of the company, and then would go round the table, gathering up the odds and ends left by the others and muttering in justification: 'Vegetables are the most health-giving food in the world!' In the evenings, in the same way, remarking that cheese was 'so nourishing,' he would go round scrounging bits of cheese from the whole company."

These are the people who killed our boys; I feel a little saddened.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 74 of this issue.



"PUTZI" HANFSTAENGL, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK "HITLER: THE MISSING YEARS," REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

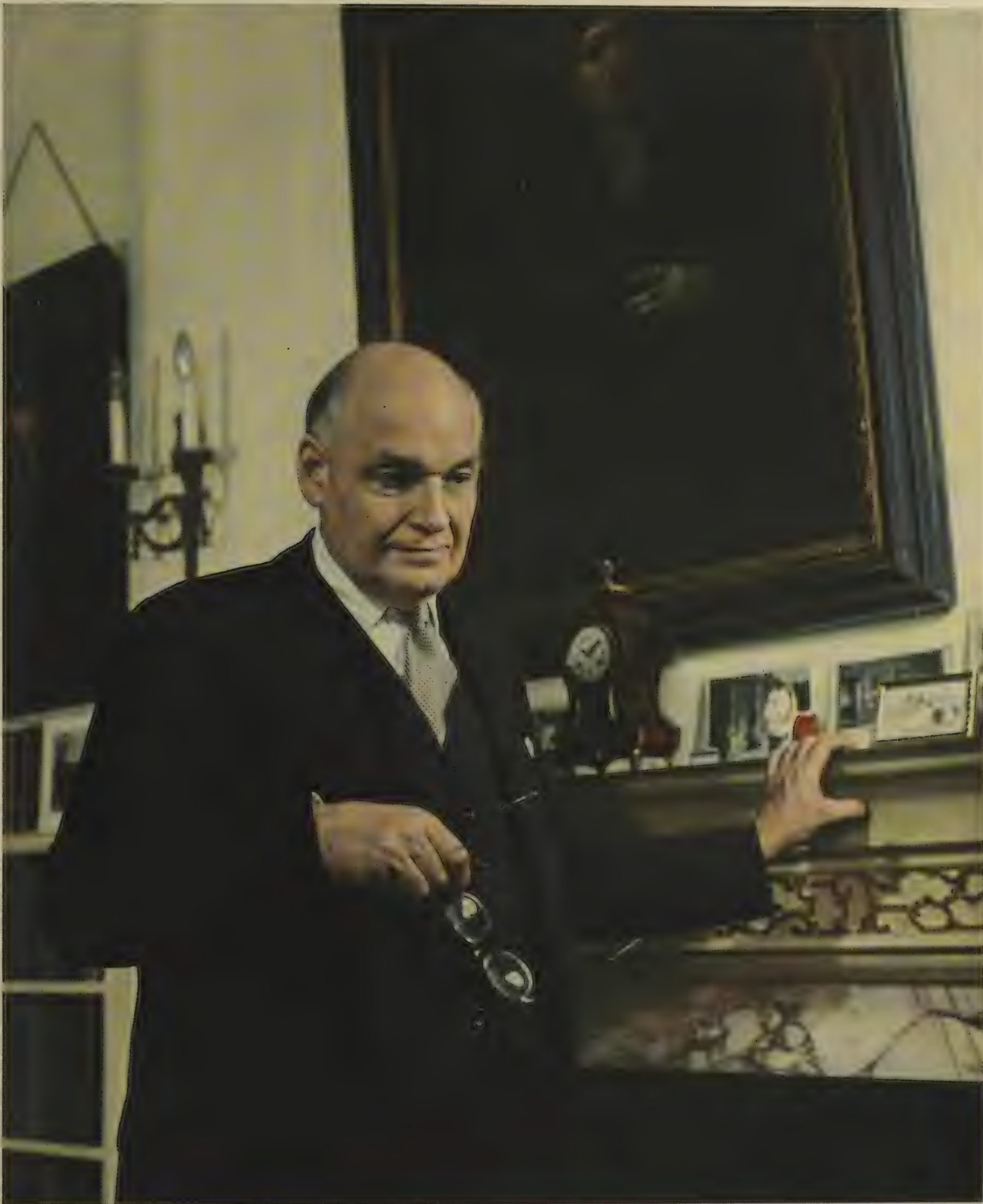
Dr. Ernst F. Sedgwick Hanfstaengl is 6 ft. 4 ins. tall and his nickname "Putzi" means "little fellow." He was born in 1887 in Bavaria of a Bavarian father and an American mother; and spent much of his life in America in connection with the family art reproduction firm, and being educated at Harvard. After 1921 he returned to Germany and was attracted by the early idealism of Hitler, of whom he became a close associate until his fall from favour and escape to Switzerland early in 1937. Between 1934 and 1937 he was nominally foreign Press Chief of the N.S.D.A.P. As Mr. Brian Connell writes in his introduction to the book, Hanfstaengl "was able to evaluate as an intelligent intimate the neuroses which determined Hitler's megalomania. . . . If the question is asked what political influence Hanfstaengl had on this unbalanced demon, then the answer in the last resort must be none. It is to his credit that he remains untainted by the regime's excesses." [Photograph reproduced from the book by courtesy of the publishers, Eyre and Spottiswoode Ltd.]

There is a darker thread running through the book: "Putzi" suggests that Hitler wanted to take it out of the human race, not merely because he was a frustrated artist, but because he was, sexually, a neuter. He produces an enormous amount of evidence in support of his theory, from rows of disappointed women who thought that so great a spell-binder must be a great "lover."

This is a theme I had rather not discuss. In my opinion many of the great destroyers by violence of action, and many of the compellers

* "Hitler: The Missing Years." By Ernst ("Putzi") Hanfstaengl. Portrait Frontispiece. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 30s.)

FAVOURITE WRITERS IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"—AT HOME.



(1) IN THE STUDY OF HIS KNIGHTSBRIDGE HOME: SIR ARTHUR BRYANT, C.B.E., HON. LL.D., WHO WRITES "OUR NOTE BOOK".

Sir Arthur Bryant, the well-known historian, has contributed "Our Note Book" since 1936, his predecessor in this rôle being G. K. Chesterton. One of the more recent tasks which he has successfully undertaken was the editing of the memoirs of Lord Alanbrooke, published under the title "The Turn of the Tide." The elder son of the late Sir Francis and of Lady Bryant, he was educated at Harrow, and, after service with the British Expeditionary Force in France, at Queen's College, Oxford, later becoming a Barrister of the Inner Temple. Since the publication of "King Charles II" in 1931,

Sir Arthur Bryant has written many historical and biographical works which are well known and have been widely enjoyed. "The Age of Elegance," which was published in 1950, was awarded the Sunday Times Gold Medal and Award for Literature. He is a member of the Army Educational Advisory Board and of the General Advisory Council of the B.B.C., and is also on the National Trust Publicity Committee and the Royal Literary Fund Council. He married in 1941 the younger daughter of Bertram Brooke, H.H. Tuan Muda of Sarawak. His knighthood was awarded in 1954.

Colour photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Clayton Evans.



(ii) IN HIS OWN "ENGLISH GARDEN": MR. CLARENCE ELLIOTT, OUR GARDENING CONTRIBUTOR, WITH MRS. ELLIOTT, ADMIRING THE *CLEMATIS MONTANA RUBENS*, AND, IN THE FOREGROUND, A FINE BUSH OF *DAPHNE CNEORUM*.



(iii) FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS THE CONTRIBUTOR OF OUR PRINCIPAL WEEKLY BOOK PAGE: SIR JOHN SQUIRE AT THE GATE OF HIS SUSSEX COTTAGE.

GARDENING AND LITERATURE: MR. CLARENCE ELLIOTT AND SIR JOHN SQUIRE AT HOME.

"In An English Garden" is a relatively new feature of *The Illustrated London News*, the first article appearing in September 1949. It has always been contributed by Mr. Elliott, who is almost equally famous as a gardening writer, a nurseryman—he founded and ran for many years the well-known Six Hills Nursery—and as a plant explorer and collector. He was born in 1881, educated at Giggleswick School, and in 1907 became a specialist in the growing and collecting of Alpine plants.

Sir John Squire, who has contributed a weekly appreciation of some newly-published book for over twenty years, has achieved equal distinction as poet, essayist, editor—there is nothing now to compare with *The London Mercury*—and especially as parodist, some of his parodies being among the best of this century. He was born in 1884 and educated at Blundell's School and St. John's, Cambridge. [Colour photographs by Valerie Finnis (upper) and Clayton Evans (lower).]



(iv) FEEDING A JAY—ONE OF THE MANY AND VARIED INHABITANTS OF THE "MENAGERIE" IN THE GARDEN OF HIS SURREY HOME : DR. MAURICE BURTON, WHO HAS CONTRIBUTED OUR "WORLD OF SCIENCE" PAGE SINCE 1946.



(v) WITH SOME FAVOURITE PIECES IN HIS LONDON FLAT : MR. FRANK DAVIS, WHOSE "A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS" FIRST APPEARED IN 1928.

SCIENCE AND COLLECTING: DR. MAURICE BURTON AND MR. FRANK DAVIS.

Dr. Maurice Burton, who was born in 1898, graduated in Zoology at London University. After two years of post-graduate research, followed by three years spent in teaching biology, he joined the British Museum (Natural History) in 1925 as Assistant Keeper in the Department of Zoology. Soon he turned from his main interest, marine zoology, to field natural history and general zoology. He is the author of many books on Natural History.

Mr. Frank Davis' interests cover works of art of all kinds and periods. In "A Page for Collectors" he conveys his own enthusiasm and caters for both expert and layman. Born in Oxfordshire, educated at King's School, Worcester, and Hertford College, Oxford, Mr. Davis has spent most of his life writing about art, except for "a fascinating experience" during the last war, when he was Labour Manager of a Lincolnshire steel works.

Colour photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Clayton Evans.



(vi) OUR COMMENTATOR ON WORLD AFFAIRS: CAPTAIN CYRIL FALLS, WHO STARTED TO CONTRIBUTE HIS WEEKLY ARTICLES SHORTLY AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR II. HE WAS CHICHELE PROFESSOR OF THE HISTORY OF WAR AT OXFORD FROM 1946-53.



(vii) IN THE STUDY OF HIS HAMPSTEAD HOME: MR. JOHN COURTENAY TREWIN, WHO HAS BEEN OUR DRAMATIC CRITIC SINCE 1946.

WORLD AFFAIRS AND THE THEATRE: CAPTAIN CYRIL FALLS AND MR. J. C. TREWIN.

Captain Cyril Falls, who was born in 1888, served in World War I with the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. From 1923-39 he was employed in the Historical Section (Military Branch) of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and was Military Correspondent of *The Times* from 1939-53. He has written official military histories of the British campaigns in Egypt and Palestine, Macedonia and France, and a number of other books.

Since the days of his early boyhood in Cornwall, where he was born in 1908, our dramatic critic, Mr. J. C. Trewin, has had a love of the theatre. Since the age of seventeen he has worked as a journalist and a dramatic critic, and he is also the author of a large number of books about the theatre and theatrical personalities. His first book, "The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre," appeared in 1932. Mr. Trewin is married and has two sons.

Colour photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Clayton Evans.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



MOST surprisingly, I have come upon a quiet, unoccupied hour on Christmas morning, when it is too late—thank goodness—to buy any more Christmas

presents, and too early in the day to discover what presents are in store for me. But during this lucid interval I find time to consider the question of Christmas giving and receiving in general, and of presents of a garden and floral nature in particular.

But first let me say how heartily I dislike, and disagree with, the tiresome parrot-chorus which goes up each year to the effect that Christmas has become an over-commercialised racket. My reply to that is that if anyone is foolish enough to allow the Christmas spirit to get out of hand, that, surely, is his own silly fault. As far as I can judge, all that has happened since I was a child is that the goods suitable—and unsuitable—for giving and receiving on December 25 have become more and more attractive and tempting. But to blame the manufacturers and the shopkeepers for knowing their business so well, and to accuse them on that score of putting over a racket, seems to me to be just plain "daft," as they say in Yorkshire. Is it suggested that the folk and the firms who cater for Christmas-giving have entered into some secret and sinister conspiracy, a campaign of subtle propaganda by which they have spread some virus which infects us all with the lunacy of squandermania, accompanied by complete loss of control of the purse-strings, and a morbid dread that perhaps there is someone, somewhere, to whom we ought to have given something—or perhaps a slightly more expensive-looking gift than we have given? Racket, my foot, and likewise fiddlesticks!

But I was going to discuss Christmas presents of a plant or flower nature. A gift of this sort has, I feel, a special charm and significance compared with gifts to be eaten, drunk, read or worn, and if it should be a plant which will settle in as a permanent possession and reminder—some herbaceous perennial, a bulb, a flowering shrub, a choice young tree, a rose-bush—or multiples of any of these—so much the better. A box of super-chocolates is always uncommonly welcome, but the life of such a gift is necessarily brief, though that rare thing, a super-duper-box, may well live in memory. A bottle of Scotch has its merits, but how long does it last? Even a whole case of Scotch will not last indefinitely—except perhaps as a cherished memory. A few Christmases ago a good friend sent me a bottle of historic cognac brandy. Made in the reign of Queen Victoria, it remained in wood for fifty-three years and was bottled for the occasion of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. And what, I ask you—what occasion could justify the broaching of so precious a gift?

The gift of a book may well rank, for permanence, in a higher category than the Scotch, for a book, having been read, may retire with its brethren to one's shelves, there to take part in one of the best and most pleasant of all forms of interior decoration. If, moreover, it is a book of a certain type, it may well become a recurring pleasure over many years. Eric Linklater's "Laxdale Hall" was a well-chosen gift from myself to myself when it was first published. I have read and re-read

CHRISTMAS, 1957.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

it with ever-increasing delight—I refuse to confess how many times.

Cut flowers make charming and always welcome Christmas presents, especially to entirely garden-less people, and plants growing in pots are perhaps even better in that they are growing, and in many cases may be grown on in the years to come. I know folk who are most enviably clever at growing on the greenhouse cyclamen from year to year. And pots of growing bulbs, hyacinths, daffodils, and the various narcissi are well worth planting-out in the open garden after they have done their Christmas duty. Colonies of past generations of Christmas-gift hyacinths which have been planted out in a mixed border have great charm, especially if the colours are mixed

tulip species, or new variety, of which one or two bulbs, or even a single one, would be a welcome addition to the prevailing grandeur. And as for simpler, humbler gardens, there are all the standard varieties of Darwin tulips, the lovely May-flowering varieties, the Rembrandts, the Parrots and the old Cottage sorts. A few of any of these, either mixed or all in one named variety, will settle in to a friend's garden to be an annual pleasure for many years to come. And not only that. With any luck at all, and a minimum of skilled attention, such tulips will increase and multiply. I find that these tulips, planted in the borders in clumps of anything from six to a dozen or so, and left entirely to their own devices for a number of years, will increase in number in the clump, and at the same time in charm. A clump of several years' standing will have thrown off side-bulbs so that instead of a regiment of flowers of an absolutely even size and height, there will be big, little and middle-sized tulips making up a far more attractive group. But in the end, after five or six or perhaps seven years it will be as well to dig up such clumps after flowering, grade the bulbs roughly according to size and replant.

A search through a few bulb, seed, tree, shrub and rose catalogues will solve almost every Christmas-present problem, and if you know nothing about garden matters, you can leave the choice of plants to your friend by sending one of the plant tokens or vouchers which so many firms issue.

For long I have made a practice of giving myself one really good Christmas present. It sort of evens up the give-and-receive balance. This year it is a fishing bag. I am sorry to part with my old one. But, alas, its days are done. I bought it during the last war, and it cost the earth—and the waters under the

earth—but it was made of pathetically shoddy wartime material. It has done its best, but owing to its make-do origin and the vast numbers of monster trouts that my skill has imposed upon it, the poor thing has started to disintegrate to an alarming degree. The new bag is a dandy affair, capacious and practical, and in buying it I learned from the vendor—who is himself a skilled angler—a most useful, to me, new use for polythene. Take a good sheet of that invaluable fabric—a sheet or a capacious bag of it, in which to put your trout as you catch them. In recent years, to save messing-up the interior of the old fishing bag, and to save the necessity for washing it out, I have carried one of those flat baskets, largest size, which fishmongers use.

And so I wish good gardening to all in 1958 and phenomenal fishing to those who are anglers as well as gardeners.



"DEFIANCE," ONE OF THE LARGE AND DAZZLING NEW FOSTERIANA HYBRID TULIPS, WHICH WITH THE KAUFMAN-NIANA HYBRIDS ARE GIVING A NEW LOOK TO TULIP BEDS.

as enchantingly as in "hundreds and thousands." Even hyacinths which have been grown in bowls of fibre, without drainage, are worth planting-out directly they have done their stuff, but the fibre-bowl treatment is a debilitating strain on them, whereas pot-grown in soil, the bulbs suffer little, if at all.

Tulip bulbs make most satisfactory Christmas presents. Even for garden friends who seem to have everything—and everything in larger quantities—it should be possible to find some uncommon



"TULIP BULBS MAKE MOST SATISFACTORY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS . . .": PARROT TULIPS OF THE VARIETY "THERESE," WHICH COULD "SETTLE IN TO A FRIEND'S GARDEN TO BE AN ANNUAL PLEASURE FOR YEARS TO COME." [Photographs by J. E. Downward.]

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NATURE'S WONDERLAND. SERIES II. NO. 8. FROM THE ARCTIC TERN TO HUBERTA, THE HIPPO

One of the most important single fields of study in natural history, within the last half-century, has to do with what is called the territorial instinct. Gone now is the idea of birds, or anything else, being free to wander where they will. On the contrary, each has its home ground, variable in size according to needs, but with well-defined boundaries. The instinct to cling to a territory can, however, give place to the urge to travel, to migrate from one place to another. Such movements are seasonal and take place along well-defined routes. Among birds the distances travelled range from very short to very long. A few birds

are almost completely sedentary throughout the year; others move no further than from one garden to another. In yet others the migrations are spectacular and wholly puzzling. Outstanding examples are the swallows' flight from Europe to South Africa, the North American golden plovers, and the Arctic tern which twice yearly travels almost from Pole to Pole, a total journey each way of 11,000 miles. Almost as spectacular are the seasonal migrations of whales and fur seals, and also of certain fishes, notably the European eel. Bats, although capable of true flight, are not remarkable for their long journeys.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A.



WITH THE WANDERLUST: VARIED AND REMARKABLE EXAMPLES OF ANIMAL WANDERINGS.

A few, however, such as the North American red bat and the Australian flying foxes, cover long distances, and in recent years it has been shown that noctules will move over 500 miles in Europe. The migrations of wholly terrestrial animals are less obvious and, in most cases, have been so interfered with by the spread of human settlement that they are to-day but shadows of the mass movements that formerly took place. The diminished herds of caribou, in North America, and of springbok, in South Africa, are all that remain of two of the wonders of the world. Over and above such journeys, either to and from

seasonal feeding-grounds, or for purposes of breeding, are the irruptions, best known in regard to the Norwegian lemmings. These are one-way migrations, apparently the result of the pressure from a build-up of populations. Whether some of the mass movements of insects, those of certain butterflies and moths, and of locusts in certain phases of their movements, are comparable cannot be affirmed. Those of the grey squirrels seem to be of a similar kind. Finally, there are the baffling individual journeys, of which the long journey in South Africa of Huberta, the hippopotamus, is a classic example.

with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.



I ALMOST wrote "Old Master Drawings" at the top of this page and then hesitated. Three of these books are concerned with great men of the past; the fourth with a great draughtsman of the present. Would Mr. Augustus John like to be described as an Old Master? I doubt it, because many use the phrase to imply a merely antiquarian importance. On the other hand, to be talked about on the same page as Correggio is perhaps no insult. The real point is surely that a good drawing is timeless and that the words "old" or "new" in connection with it are meaningless, except in so far as it is convenient to classify such things by *anno Domini* as well as by geography. How difficult it is, as a rule, to stand aside and judge a drawing without being influenced to some extent by what we know, or can guess, of its age and country. History weighs heavily upon us if we are not very careful, so that we find ourselves unable to take a detached view, waiting for the art historian to tell us what is worth while. I know several people who like paintings only and cannot be bothered with drawings—no, not even Rembrandt's—saying that real painters only draw in order to paint better, and that their drawings are of no more æsthetic interest than the novelist's notes. There is, no doubt, a certain substance in this, though I fail to detect any relationship between painter and novelist. People miss a lot, to my mind, if they fail to enjoy the beauty of a fine, nervous line in pen or pencil or chalk, whether the drawing is intended as an *aide memoire* for a more detailed work or is a finished drawing requiring no further attention.



"THE LATE MISS ALICK SCHEPELER": AN UNDATED DRAWING. (Black pencil on grey paper; 13½ by 9½ ins.) (Mrs. H. Alexander.)

Here* are fifty-two drawings, chosen by Mr. John himself, and magnificently reproduced with a sensitive introduction by Lord David Cecil, in which he speaks of Mr. John's earthly Paradise, "a wild, outdoor place, its inhabitants beggars, peasants, gipsies. . . . They are animal, they are lawless, they live roughly under the stars." And then, "He is dramatist as well as poet with an eye for the individual as well as for the type . . . both paintings and portrait drawings divide themselves into two categories. . . . It is almost as if there are two Mr. Johns, a dreamy, romantic poet, heir to Botticelli, and a sharp-eyed, realistic observer of contemporary mankind who looks back to Goya and Daumier . . . and sees the human face as a manifestation of a personality rather than as the incarnation of a mood." This seems

*"Augustus John, I—Fifty-two Drawings"; with an Introduction by Lord David Cecil. (George Rainbird Ltd.; 70 gns. Signed Edition, limited to 150 copies, bound half-vellum, 20 gns.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

DRAWINGS—FOUR BOOKS REVIEWED.

to me beautifully said, and is amply confirmed as one turns the pages beginning with the drawings of Dorelia and the children and going on to such as those of Mme. Suggia or of the Duke of Alba or of Delius.

Mr. A. E. Popham, formerly Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, publishes the results of many years' study of the drawings of Correggio†, reaching the conclusion that ninety-two only can be considered as authentic out of several hundreds which at one time or another have been given that



"CHARLES MORGAN": AN AUGUSTUS JOHN DRAWING OF 1944. (Black, sanguine and white chalk on buff paper; 20 by 15½ ins.) (Charles Morgan, Esq.)

These three portrait drawings by Augustus John, O.M., R.A., are reproduced (by courtesy of the Publisher, George Rainbird) from "Augustus John, I—Fifty-two Drawings," an outstandingly produced volume which is one of the four books reviewed here by Frank Davis.

august name. The evidence is dealt with in great detail and the book, with its 110 plates and 72 text illustrations, is, and will obviously remain, the standard work on the subject for at least a generation—until someone as yet unborn attempts a further re-sifting. Not many of us possess either the knowledge or the experience to argue with the author on so difficult a subject, though—to take but one chance example—most of us will have sufficient of an eye to agree with him wholeheartedly when he refuses to accept the so-called Correggio drawing long known as such in the Budapest Museum, and which finds a place in a noble volume of facsimiles which reaches my desk at the same moment as Mr. Popham's careful study. He divides painters into two kinds—"those who are first and foremost painters, who see objects in terms of colour and light and shadow, who are concerned with the ever-changing surface of things, and those who are primarily interested in the actual structure of the figures and objects which they represent." Correggio, like Titian, belonged to the former class, and was not concerned to preserve his own preparatory work—hence the paucity of his surviving drawings.

A final chapter deals with the various collections of the past which have possessed, or have claimed to possess, Correggio's drawings, beginning with Vasari and the Este family—a chapter which, apart from its specific connection with the whereabouts of the few which remain, provides a great deal of information about the passion for collecting all kinds of drawings from the sixteenth century onwards. Out of the ninety-two accepted by Mr. Popham, fourteen bear the mark of Sir Peter Lely, and it is suggested that most or many of his drawings had belonged to Charles I, the Earl of Arundel or the Duke of Buckingham. After Lely, Jonathan Richardson the Elder; the latter's great collection took eighteen days to

sell in 1747. Many went to Richardson's son-in-law, Thomas Hudson, from him to his pupil Sir Joshua Reynolds, and thence to that of Sir Thomas Lawrence—one of the greatest collections of all time, which was dispersed in successive stages between 1836 and 1860. There were fifty drawings in the Lawrence collection attributed to Correggio. Mr. Popham can identify thirty-nine of them and can accept only nine as authentic. With twenty-three original drawings the Louvre has the greatest single collection of his work. At least three of these belonged to the great collector Jabach (1607-1695), the purchase of whose first collection of 5542 drawings for the Cabinet du Roi is the nucleus of the present Louvre Collection. It was Jabach who bought heavily at the sales of Charles I art-collections between 1650 and 1653. Then came Crozat, a passionate admirer of Correggio and the greatest collector of the age (he died in 1740), and his friend Mariette. It is a fascinating story, and I note that the author concludes by saying that there is more likelihood of drawings by Correggio emerging from French collections than anywhere else.

The Budapest Museum volume ‡—like that of the John drawings—is a joy to handle. It contains more than 100 facsimiles and a most interesting account of the Museum's origins by Mr. Lajos Vayer. The basis of the present National Gallery at Budapest is the Esterhazy collection. Count Esterhazy began his art-collecting activities in 1794 and continued them for thirty years, gradually acquiring drawings by Dürer, Baldung Grein and Altdorfer, and, in 1810, the collection of the art dealer, Antonio Cesare de Poggi, which included the drawing ascribed to Fra Bartolommeo. The Leonardo heads are famous, and so are the several Rembrandt drawings. Less well known and very fine are some anonymous



"MRS. HARRISON": A DRAWING OF 1944. (Brown, sanguine and white chalk on grey paper; 7 by 12 ins.) (Michael Harrison, Esq.)

fifteenth-century MSS. illuminations, and some characteristic French eighteenth-century drawings. I regret that a more than normally coarse and boring Rowlandson was chosen to accompany these very distinguished drawings.

The fourth volume§ to be noticed is from Phaidon and is devoted to a study by Carlo Pedretti of Leonardo fragments at Windsor which were originally part of the Codex Atlanticus of the Ambrosiana Library in Milan. A highly specialised and competent contribution to a narrow field of scholarship.

†"Master Drawings from the Collection of the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts, 14th-18th Centuries"; with an Introduction and Notes by Lajos Vayer. With 109 Reproductions in a variety of printing techniques. (Thames and Hudson; 8 gns.)

§"Leonardo da Vinci—Fragments at Windsor Castle from the Codex Atlanticus," edited by Carlo Pedretti. With 32 Plates. (The Phaidon Press; 42s.)

††"Correggio's Drawings," by A. E. Popham. With 110 Plates and 72 Text Illustrations. (Published for the British Academy by the Oxford University Press; 4 gns.)

SOVIET ART: COMPETENT —BUT CONSERVATIVE.



"INFANT PRODIGY," ONE OF THE AMUSING DRAWINGS BY LEONID SOIFERTIS, WHO HAS BEEN WORKING FOR THE RUSSIAN SATIRICAL MAGAZINE *KROKODIL* SINCE 1932. HE WAS BORN IN THE UKRAINE IN 1911.



"FOR THE STARLINGS," BY ALEXEI PAKHOMOV: IN HIS SERIES OF LITHOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING THE "RESTORATION OF LENINGRAD." THIS EXHIBITION OF "SOVIET GRAPHIC ART" IS TO BE SEEN AT THE BEECROFT ART GALLERY, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, UNTIL JANUARY 30.



"THE JURY": A COLOUR LINOCUT ILLUSTRATION TO THE "KRYLOV FABLES" BY VALENTIN LITVINENKO, WHO WAS BORN IN THE UKRAINE IN 1908, AND LIVES AND WORKS IN KIEV. HE STUDIED IN THE PRIVATE STUDIO OF N. S. SAMOKISH.

IT is obviously difficult to provide more than a glimpse of Soviet Graphic Art in an exhibition containing 130 works by fourteen living artists. The selection for this exhibition, which is under the auspices of the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R., has been made by the Association of Soviet Artists, and results in the impression that the graphic arts in the U.S.S.R. are strictly conservative, though achieving a pleasing standard of competence. The work of a considerable period is shown, but it is difficult to grasp this fact in view of the overall conservatism of the exhibits. This exhibition, which was shown in London in October last, is now to be seen at Southend-on-Sea. From February 15 to March 15 it will be at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, and later at Glasgow, Aberdeen, Nottingham and Portsmouth.



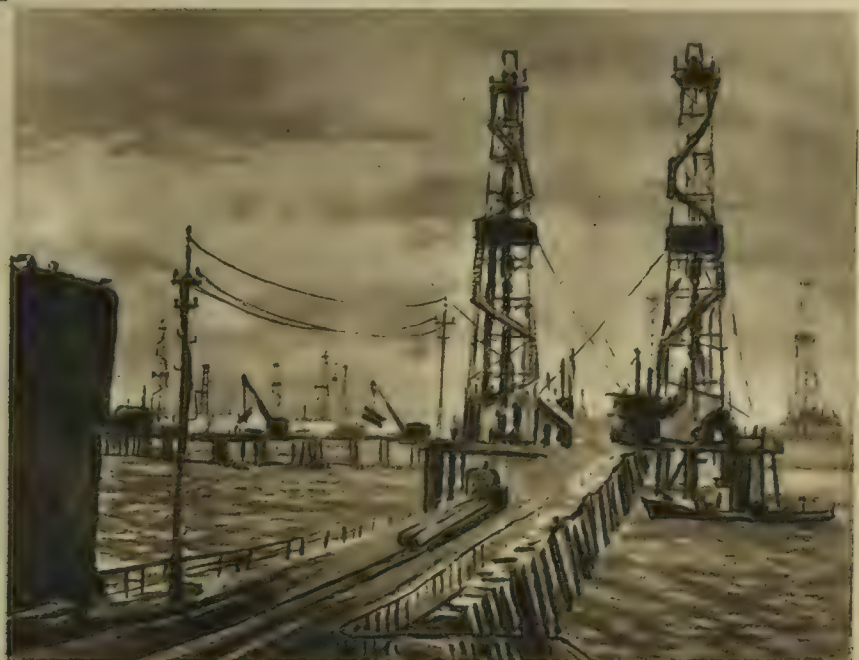
"THE BATTLE WITH THE POLOVTSIANS," BY SERGEI KOBULADZE: ONE OF THE GOUACHE ILLUSTRATIONS TO "THE LAY OF THE HOST OF IGOR." KOBULADZE WAS BORN IN GEORGIA, IN 1900, AND DOES MUCH THEATRE WORK.



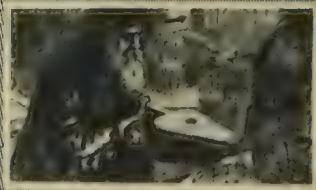
"MIDDAY": FROM THE LINOCUT SERIES "FACTORY DAYS," BY VICTOR VETROGONSKY, WHO WAS BORN IN LENINGRAD IN 1923 AND IS THE YOUNGEST OF THE FOURTEEN ARTISTS REPRESENTED IN THIS EXHIBITION.



"TOWARDS EVENING": AN ETCHING BY VASILI MIRONENKO, WHO WAS BORN IN 1910, THE SON OF A POOR UKRAINIAN PEASANT. HE HAS BEEN A PIONEER IN THE U.S.S.R., IN LARGE-SCALE COLOUR ETCHING AND AQUATINTS, AND HAS TAUGHT AT THE GRAPHIC ART STUDIO, KHARKOV, SINCE 1936.



"ROADS ABOVE THE SEA": ONE OF THE IMPRESSIVE COLOUR LITHOGRAPHS OF OIL INDUSTRY SCENES, BY MARAL RAKHMAN-ZADE, BORN IN 1916 IN AZERBAIDZHAN, THE DAUGHTER OF A PEASANT FAMILY. SHE LIVES AND WORKS IN BAKU.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WE tend to take our own tongue for granted, to see it as an instrument for speech which may, quite occasionally, have an additional use, namely, to assist a doctor in his diagnosis of our ailments. If this be, indeed, a true statement of the general attitude, it is not unreasonable to suppose that our use of words is a prime factor in misleading us. We have for a long time used the word "tongue" as a synonym of language and speech. We have, on the other hand, certainly since Shakespeare's time, associated the word "palate" with taste. Thus, something tasting pleasant is said to be palatable, and anyone showing discrimination or good judgment in the matter of food or drink is said to have a good palate. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find a widespread notion that we taste with our palate, whereas it is the tongue, richly studded with taste-buds, that performs the major part, at least, of this important task.

One deeply-rooted idea is apt to lead to others, and if erroneous, to lead to further error. The findings of research among the pages of a number of up-to-date and erudite works on animals, selected at random for this purpose, are unanimous in telling me that frogs and toads have sticky tongues for catching insects. There is the same unanimity for describing the tongue of a bird as a rather horny structure. As a corollary, we find it stated that the sense of taste is probably poor in most birds.

A series of high-speed photographs, taken recently by Walker Van Riper and published in *Natural History* for June 1957, show the tongue of a toad seizing an insect. It may be that the tongue of a toad is sticky and that there may be occasions when this stickiness is the sole means of capturing an insect, as we are so often led to believe. It may also be true that, as other authors tell us, the tongue is flicked out in a semi-circle, so that the tip becomes wrapped round the luckless insect, which is then drawn into the mouth and swallowed. On the other hand, Walker Van Riper's photographs show beautifully how the tongue is used as a prehensile organ, actually to hold the prey. Since the earlier statements are based almost wholly upon observation by the eye or on slow-speed photography of an action too quick for the eye to follow, it may be that the prehensile action of the tongue is the main—or only—method used by frogs and toads in catching insects.

For want of more information, I must leave the amphibian tongue and turn to the statements about birds. This, also, is difficult to accept without question. The first thing that strikes me is that a dish said to be relished by the gourmet is composed of larks' tongues. It is difficult to imagine a dish of "rather horny" structures exciting the gourmet's palate. Then I recall watching the long snake-like tongue of a woodpecker exploring for food, while the bird's eyes were directed anywhere than at the source of food. The appearance of the tongue, its

GIFTS OF TONGUES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

remarkable flexibility, the speed at which it worked, all suggested an organ fleshy, highly sensitive, and capable of great discrimination between edible and inedible matter. The tongue of a parrot has no great length, but it is fleshy and highly sensitive, and is capable of as great, if not greater, discrimination than that of a woodpecker. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and deliberation with which it savours a favourite food with the tongue before bringing the beak into action.

Admittedly, larks, woodpeckers and parrots do not make up the class Aves, any more than one swallow makes a summer. But a swallow is seldom seen in northern latitudes outside the summer. Equally, we may expect these three

recognised as a separate sense, distinct from smell or taste. A good example is seen in the experiment carried out on a dogfish. The surface of its body was treated with a 2 per cent. solution of cocaine and within twenty minutes it was insensible to touch but continued to respond for a much longer period to chemical stimuli. A frog's foot has no taste-buds, but it will respond to dilute solutions of formic acid. This ability to react to chemical stimuli continues long after a local anæsthetic has made the foot insensible to pinching.

Fishes and amphibia appear to have a well-developed common chemical sense over the whole surface of the body, in addition to a moderate equipment of taste-buds in the mouth and, in fishes, in the lateral line organs. It is the equivalent of, shall we say, a diffused sense of taste. It may be that in birds this same

sense has become concentrated in the mouth as a whole, leaving the tongue free for other duties. Clearly, if nothing more has been gained from this discussion, it has exposed our ignorance of the subject as a whole.

It may have been safer, perhaps, to say it has exposed my ignorance, as did an incident recently in another but related field. This was when my friend Gavin Maxwell invited me to see his great galago. The name merely designates the largest of the bush-babies and is at variance with the animal's actual size, for it is smaller than the average full-grown cat, although its bushy tail makes it appear to be bigger. This galago, native of East Africa, is wholly nocturnal, living in the trees and feeding largely on insects and fruit, with occasional birds' eggs, possibly the birds themselves.



REVEALING "A PREHENSILE TONGUE ACTUALLY SEIZING THE MEALWORM": A PHOTOGRAPH RECENTLY TAKEN OF A GREAT GALAGO, WHICH FEEDS LARGELY ON INSECTS AND FRUIT. THE GREAT GALAGO, NATIVE OF EAST AFRICA, IS THE LARGEST OF THE BUSH-BABIES. [Photograph by Jane Burton].

types of birds to offer valuable clues to the situation obtaining among birds as a whole. Unfortunately, we have little to guide us in examining this wider field, and that little helps to explain the misleading statements already quoted. When a bird opens its beak the tongue appears to be somewhat horny, and when we watch birds feeding on the ground they are working so fast that they appear to be selecting their food by sight rather than taste. Microscopic examination has also shown the number of taste-buds to be relatively fewer than in mammals. On the other hand, some birds will, under certain circumstances, salivate copiously at the sight of particular foods. Their mouths literally water. Moreover, experiments have shown that domestic poultry will show discrimination when presented with a wide choice of foods, although other experiments suggested "that the sense of taste is very rudimentary and, in fact, resembles more a common chemical sense in the mouth than a true taste" (R. W. Moncrieff, "The Chemical Senses," 1951).

The "common chemical sense" referred to here is that chemical sensibility which can be

All galagos have long, slender toes, with adhesive discs at the ends for grasping smooth branches, for their habit is to move about by powerful leaps. So their habits demand alert senses, and these are strikingly obvious even when, as on this occasion, the animal was seen by day and would only move lethargically to take the mealworms held out as a bait. One feature, a valuable one to an animal uprooted from its home and fated to be kept as a pet in this country, is its ability to fold its ears at will, presumably shutting out sounds. Equally conspicuous are the large eyes of the night prowler, and a sensitive nose.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that all these play important rôles in the life of a night-time insect-hunter, but it was not until the photographs taken on this visit were printed that another emerged. We had seen the galago take mealworms with its fingers and with the tongue, and saw nothing unusual in these actions. The photograph reveals, however, a prehensile tongue actually seizing the mealworm, very much as Walker Van Riper's pictures had revealed a toad seizing its prey.



THE MONSTER THAT SWALLOWED THE HOOK OF A DOCK CRANE: A MANTA AFTER BEING HAULED FROM THE WATER AT CAPA BLANCO, PERU—A PHOTOGRAPH FROM A READER.

The remarkable photographs of Mantas leaping into the air which we published in our issue of December 28, and which were taken in the south Red Sea area, have aroused widespread interest among our readers, and from one of them we have received the striking print reproduced above. Taken at Capa Blanco, Peru, it shows a Manta (a species found in many parts of the world) which swallowed the hook of a dockside crane which had been left hanging in the water, and was unable to free itself. The Manta was hauled up on to the quay, and shortly afterwards gave birth to a

youngster. The size of the Manta can be judged from the fact that the bigger of the men to the right was 6 ft. tall. Although, as stated in our issue of December 28, it is no longer believed that Mantas are prone to seize objects such as ships' anchors with their cephalic fins, the above photograph shows how such a belief could arise. The cephalic fins, which project by the mouth, are thought to be used to assist in feeding. The young of the Manta are born alive, and are of considerable size at birth. The name Manta comes from the Spanish word meaning blanket.

AT THE EMPIRE HALL, OLYMPIA: THE FOURTH NATIONAL BOAT SHOW.



(Above.) A NEW SAIL MATERIAL DEMONSTRATED ON A NEW AND INCREASINGLY POPULAR TYPE OF BOAT: TRANSPARENT SAILS, MILDEW-PROOF AND GIVING GOOD VISIBILITY, ON A CATAMARAN. THIS YEAR SEVEN CATAMARANS WERE TO BE SEEN.



A NEW MOBILE HOUSEBOAT: THE FLATAFLOAT, WHICH IS PROPELLED BY OUTBOARD MOTOR AND HAS BERTHS FOR FOUR.



(Right.) PROVIDING A NEW KIND OF AQUATIC SPORT: THE AERO RESEARCH LTD. ROTOR BOAT WHICH FLIES INTO THE AIR WHEN TOWED AT SPEED.



THE SCAMPY AMPHIBIAN: A TWIN-HULLED CRAFT, WITH INBOARD MOTOR, WHICH CAN BE USED ON WATER OR LAND.



A SHALLOW-DRAUGHT SEA-GOING SAILING CRUISER WITH TWIN DROP KEELS AND CAPABLE OF ACCOMMODATING SIX PEOPLE: THE FAIREY MARINE 26-FT. ATALANTA, DESIGNED BY UFFA FOX, WITH ITS TRAILER.



AFTER PERFORMING THE OPENING CEREMONY ON JANUARY 1: LORD MONTGOMERY AT THE CONTROLS OF A LARGE MOTOR-CRUISER.

At this year's National Boat Show at Olympia, the fourth in the series, there were some 300 different craft and many types of marine engine displayed by nearly 250 exhibitors. The Show, which closes to-day, was opened on January 1 by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery. It is sponsored by the *Daily Express* and organised by the Ship and Boat Builders' National Federation. A notable feature of the exhibition this year was the increase in the number of catamarans to be seen. Last year only two

of these craft, which are faster than conventional boats and which are becoming increasingly popular, were exhibited, as compared with seven this year. Since the Prout brothers began experiments with catamarans in 1952, nearly 500 have been built. Included in the Show was a "Build-It-Yourself Boatyard" and a Boating Advice Bureau, and the boats exhibited ranged from £30 models in the "Boating-on-a-Budget" Stand to a Class III ocean racer costing several thousand pounds.

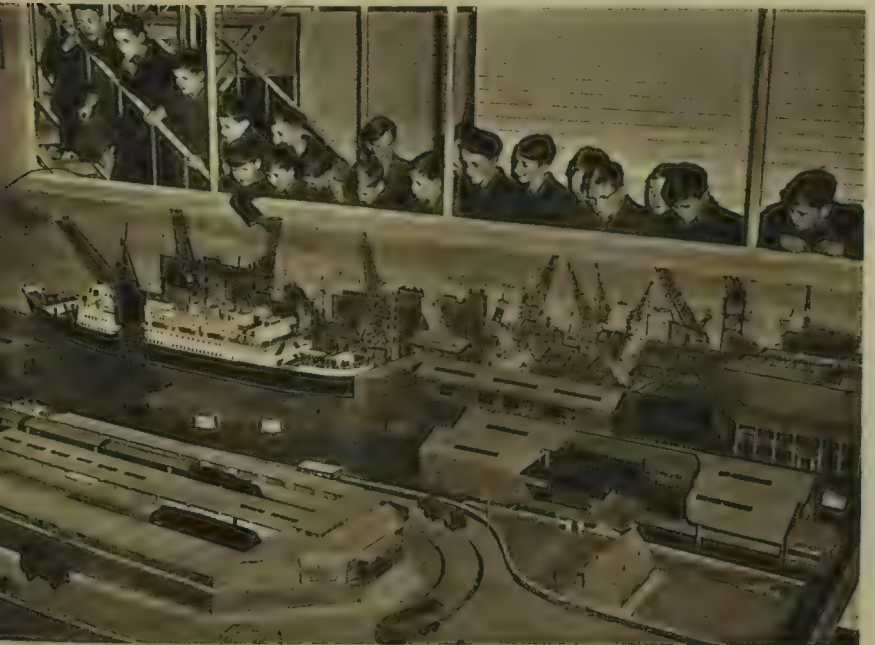
THE SCHOOLBOY'S OWN EXHIBITION.



AT THE NATIONAL SCHOOLBOY'S OWN EXHIBITION: BOYS WATCHING A DEMONSTRATION WITH A SCALE MODEL OF A THUNDERBIRD GUIDED MISSILE.



A CAREER IN THE ARMY? AN ENTHRALLING GUIDED-MISSILES DEMONSTRATION BY MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY AT THE SCHOOLBOY'S EXHIBITION.



ADMIRING THE HUGE SCALE WORKING MODEL SHOWING ALL THE TRANSPORT SERVICES: BOYS FROM THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY CHOIR SCHOOL AT THE BRITISH TRANSPORT COMMISSION'S STAND.

The accent of this year's National Schoolboy's Own Exhibition, which continues at the Royal Horticultural Society's Halls, Vincent Square, until to-day (January 11), is very largely on demonstrations and exhibits designed to give the schoolboy food for thought about his future career. Thus the Army has a stand at which the most up-to-date artillery methods, with guided missiles, are explained and demonstrated. A miniature scale model, operated by four members of the Royal Artillery, gives a complete picture of the interception of an enemy aircraft by a guided-missile unit stationed in the desert. The British Transport Commission has staged a scale working model showing all the transport services. Covering 550 sq. ft., it is the largest model of its kind ever made for the exhibition. Another popular exhibit is Sputnik No. 3, in which the boys are given a good idea of the intricacies of space travel. This is the thirty-first annual National Schoolboy's Own Exhibition, and it has brought the usual crowds of boys to the R.H.S. Halls. Both the spectators and the exhibits provide a striking contrast to the fortnightly Flower Shows at Vincent Square.

TRANSPORT NEWS—BY LAND, AIR AND SEA.



ANNOUNCED BY THE ROOTES GROUP ON JANUARY 7: THE NEW HILLMAN HUSKY, WHICH COMBINES MORE ROOM WITH BETTER PERFORMANCE. The new Hillman Husky, which is powered by the 1390-c.c. overhead-valve Hillman Minx engine, can take a load of 6 cwt. when no passengers are carried, and for pleasure motoring provides comfortable seating for four adults, and space for 300 lb. of luggage. The new Husky has a maximum speed of more than 70 m.p.h. It costs £698 17s., including purchase tax.



POWERING THE NAVY'S NEW FAST PATROL BOAT, H.M.S. BRAVE BORDERER: THE BRISTOL MARINE PROTEUS GAS TURBINE ENGINE—A MODEL OF THE V-DRIVE INSTALLATION, SHOWING THE REVERSE REDUCTION GEAR-BOX (RIGHT) WHICH TRANSMITS POWER FROM THE ENGINE TO THE PROPELLER. The first vessel to be powered by Bristol Marine Proteus gas turbine engines, H.M.S. Brave Borderer, first of a new class of fast patrol boats for the Royal Navy, was to be launched at Porchester, Hants, on January 7. The Marine Proteus is basically the same as the Proteus engine which powers the Bristol Britannia airliner.



PUBLICLY SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME WHEN TELEVISED ON JANUARY 2: A MODEL OF THE AVRO 740 AIRLINER, WHICH WILL NOT GO INTO PRODUCTION. The Avro 740—the 70/100-seater airliner developed by A. V. Roe and Co., a subsidiary of the Hawker Siddeley Group, to meet British European Airways specifications, will not after all go into production. The Hawker Siddeley group have abandoned the project in favour of an agreement with the Bristol Aeroplane Company jointly to produce the Bristol 200.

FROM QUOKKAS TO A PRIVATE WATERGATE.



TWO OF THE SIX QUOKKAS—OR SHORT-TAILED WALLABIES—WHICH WILL BE THE FIRST TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE LONDON ZOO SINCE 1922. THEY COME FROM WESTERN AUSTRALIA.



PROBABLY THE SMALLEST AND CHEAPEST AIRCRAFT ON THE MARKET: THE FRENCH-DESIGNED SINGLE-SEATER *TURBULENT* ON ITS FIRST TRIAL FLIGHT. IT CAN BE MADE AT HOME AT A COST OF ABOUT £600, AND HAS A CRUISING SPEED OF 75 M.P.H.

HOME NEWS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



AT HIS HOME AT FORDINGBRIDGE, HAMPSHIRE, ON THE EVE OF HIS BIRTHDAY: MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., R.A., WHO CELEBRATED HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY ON JANUARY 4.



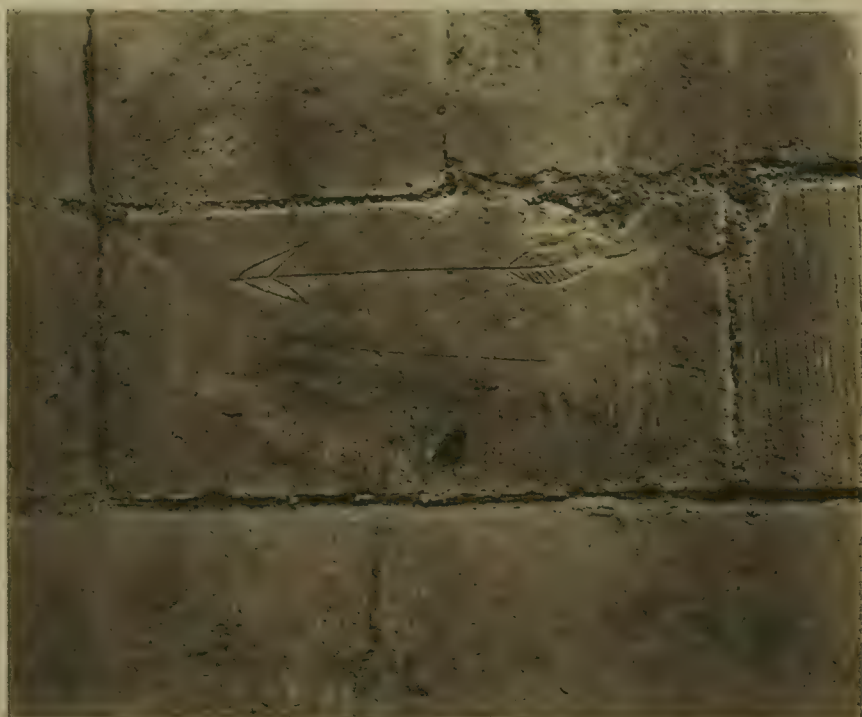
MARKING THE TOWN'S ACQUISITION OF ITS HARBOUR: A CEREMONY AT WHITSTABLE, KENT, ON JANUARY 4. THE URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL PURCHASED THE HARBOUR FROM THE BRITISH TRANSPORT COMMISSION. THE COST OF RECONSTRUCTION WILL BE ABOUT £90,000.



(Left.) DISCOVERED DURING CURRENT EXCAVATIONS AT THE TOWER OF LONDON: THE SMALL PRIVATE WATERGATE BUILT FOR HENRY III IN ABOUT 1230.

Ministry of Works excavations at the foot of the Wakefield Tower in the Tower of London have brought to light a small private watergate and stairway built for Henry III in about 1230. The stonework is in excellent condition. The great hall of Henry III stood behind the walls where the steps end.

(Right.) INSCRIBED ON THE REIGATE STONE OVER SIX CENTURIES AGO: ONE OF THE MASON'S MARKS FOUND ON THE STONES OF THE WATERGATE.



SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING: SIDELIGHTS AND LANDMARKS; AND A SUEZ TROPHY.



A SAUNDERS-ROE PROJECT WHICH NEVER GOT BEYOND ITS INITIAL STAGES BUT WHICH MAY HAVE A FUTURE IN ATOMIC PROPULSION EXPERIMENTS IN THE U.S. The huge *Princess* flying-boat, here seen cocooned at the Saunders-Roe works, work having been suspended on the project since 1954, is among the aircraft being considered by the U.S. Navy as suitable for nuclear-powered propulsion. The U.S. Navy contends that a flying-boat would be the safest and most convenient form for initial atomic propulsion experiments.



FOR SALE AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS' SERVICE WITH THE CANADIAN PACIFIC: THE 26,313-TON *EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND*, AT BELFAST. SHE IS IN SPLENDID CONDITION, BUT UNECONOMIC FOR ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND RUNNING.



FLOODLIT TO WELCOME IN THE NEW YEAR: THE FAMOUS SAILING-SHIP *CUTTY SARK*, NOW LYING IN HER PERMANENT DRY-DOCK AT GREENWICH, WAS FLOODLIT FOR THREE HOURS OVER THE TURN OF THE YEAR. SINCE HER OPENING IN JUNE, SHE HAS BEEN VISITED BY OVER 250,000 PEOPLE.



PRESENTED TO H.M.S. *BULWARK* BY THE BRITISH INSURANCE ASSOCIATION TO COMMEMORATE THE SHIP'S PART IN THE SUEZ OPERATION.

On January 3 Mr. C. F. Trustam, Chairman of the British Insurance Association, presented to Captain P. D. Gick, R.N., captain of H.M.S. *Bulwark* (the Association's adopted ship), this standing salt in silver, designed by Mr. R. S. Hill.



SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR PARTIALLY-SIGHTED CHILDREN: ONE OF THE CLASS-ROOMS IN A NEW SCHOOL AT BIRMINGHAM, WITH A LUMINOUS CEILING. In this school, the Priestley Smith School, all the classrooms are equipped with the Lumenated Ceiling system. In this, light from fluorescent tubes is diffused through a false ceiling of corrugated plastic to give a completely even illumination.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, SIR ALEXANDER FLECK, CHAIRMAN OF I.C.I., GIVING HIS INAUGURAL LECTURE IN THE SENATE HOUSE OF LONDON UNIVERSITY. HE ANNOUNCED A PLAN FOR POPULARISING SCIENCE TO GENERAL AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S AUDIENCES.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



IN SEARCH OF LAUGHTER

By ALAN DENT.

WITH a very natural urge to sit back and enjoy myself at this time of year, I went to see Mickey Rooney in something called "Baby Face Nelson." But this turned out to be nothing funnier than a Chicago gangster drama of the year 1933, with Mr. Rooney, without his grin and without even his smile, emerging from prison where he had been serving a sentence for a crime unspecified and proceeding to shoot almost everyone he came across.

Thereafter I drew even more of a blank with a British drama called "Son of a Stranger," in which James Kenny also emerged from prison at the start, after likewise serving a sentence for a crime unspecified; went home to taunt his dying mother for declining to tell him who his father was; got a clue that his father lived somewhere in the West Country; strangled a rich old lady on a Sunday morning when everybody was at church; ran to earth a hard-working village doctor who confessed to being this young murderer's father; and finally looked like being charged with murder when his newly-discovered father suddenly committed suicide. It is fair to say that the audiences at both these films took them far from seriously, and that some holiday-making children laughed far more and were much less horrified by these murderous and delinquent antics than I did or was. This, therefore, is neither the time nor the place, neither the season nor the occasion, for some observations I must one day make on the subject of horror in films in general.

Still determined to find relaxation, as distinct from any cause for indignation, I repaired to the picture-house which was screening "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," the latest Ronald Searle fantasy, with a screen-play written by Sidney Gilliat and Frank Launder, and therefore surely fruitful

nefariously won the prize, in the manner indicated, and in the course of their holiday they played jazz in the Mozarteum at Salzburg and ran amok in the Colosseum at Rome. In Italy, moreover, there felicitously reappeared Policewoman Grenfell this time disguised as a tarantella dancer

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



HARRY SECOMBE, WHO MAKES HIS FEATURE FILM DEBUT IN THE TITLE-ROLE OF "DAVY," THE NEW MICHAEL BALCON-EALING FILMS COMEDY-DRAMA.

In making his choice, Alan Dent writes: "Harry Secombe, who looks so engagingly like a funny Italian opera-singer and who can sing remarkably like one in dead earnest, is the star of 'Davy,' a sentimental backstage music-hall drama from Ealing. It is his first important film-appearance, and it is an appearance rich in promise rather than achievement. He is a comedian who would obviously repay much less conventional and much newer-fashioned treatment."

is deficient in either humour or wit. The St. Trinian's girls are far and away too pretty to be in the least like the original horrific Searle conceptions. It is a curious fact that young actresses will seldom consent to look grotesque and villainous even when their script—as this one does—cries out aloud for such an appearance. At the by no means irresistible climax of this film the girls have to play a game of water-polo before an Italian Prince who is in search of a bride. They walk in procession before him looking like all the Cinderellas of this pantomime season trying to outshine one another. But surely the whole point and purpose of Searle's ghoulish satire is that they should look like Ugly Sisters to a girl? Mr. Searle has submitted as a poster advertising the film a drawing of a dwarf Amazon, spiked shield in one hand and dripping sword in the other, lank of hair, bespectacled, and with a long-ashed cigarette dangling from her grim mouth. There is no apparition in the least like this in the film itself.

For the rest, Terry-Thomas has an amusing line or two as an ineffable ass, George Cole can make nothing of a super-Teddy boy who appears to be in charge of the school, and far too late in the film there turns up the real headmistress (Alastair Sim wondrously disguised) who has—believe it or not—just emerged from prison after serving a sentence for a crime unspecified!

My last resort in search of pure fun was "Davy," an Ealing product, and one which had at least no shades of the prison-house about it, anywhere at all. But instead of pure fun I found pure sentimentality. The tale of "Davy" is that of a music-hall act of four knockabout, paint-spilling comedians. One of them has a splendid tenor voice (Harry Secombe) and he is offered an audition at Covent Garden. Will he



"BLUE MURDER AT ST. TRINIAN'S"—A SCENE SHOWING JOE (LIONEL JEFFRIES) DRESSED UP AS THE NEW HEADMISTRESS AND ESCORTED BY SIXTH FORMERS, IN THE NEW FILM BASED ON RONALD SEARLE'S MEMORABLE SCHOOLGIRL CREATIONS. THIS BRITISH LION FILM STARS TERRY-THOMAS, JOYCE GRENFELL AND GEORGE COLE. (LONDON PREMIERE: GAUMONT, HAYMARKET, DECEMBER 19.)



"A CHICAGO GANGSTER DRAMA OF THE YEAR 1933, WITH MR. ROONEY, WITHOUT HIS GRIN": "BABY FACE NELSON"—A SCENE IN WHICH NELSON (MICKEY ROONEY) HOLDS UP MR. HALL (GEORGE STONE). A UNITED ARTISTS FILM, IT IS DIRECTED BY DON SIEGEL. (LONDON PREMIERE: DOMINION THEATRE, JANUARY 5.)

of laughter. So, indeed, it was—at least whenever Joyce Grenfell was on the screen as a simpering policewoman called Ruby. Out loud I laughed at least once, when this egregious Ruby nestled into the arms of a police-sergeant to whom she was about to be affianced, and murmured something excessively girlish about "feeling so utterly defenceless."

In the course of the action the terrible girls of St. Trinian's raided the Ministry of Education at midnight, brought off an elaborate burglary in the style of the famous one in "Rififi" (i.e., boring a hole into the strong-room from the room above), their plunder being the correct answers to an examination paper. The prize for this—open to the best girls' schools throughout the land—was a trip to Central Europe. St. Trinian's

with the largest conceivable gold rings in her ears, almost as huge as her smile.

But these madcap pleasures having been indicated, it still has to be said that the script

leave the vaudeville act to its own negligible resources? Having enthralled a great conductor with his rendering of the big aria in "Turandot," will he go back to join those breaking hearts in the dressing-room at the music-hall? Or will he—just as Mr. Secombe himself has done—manage to eat his cake and have it: that is, go on being a famous music-hall comedian who can suddenly burst into Verdi or Puccini to everybody's consternation and delight? Everybody will want to see "Davy" for the popular Mr. Secombe's sake, and therefore the answers to these questions should not be divulged. But I must, for my own sake, divulge that I found hardly any occasion to laugh out loud in the film itself, and that I was very easily able to resist the determined calls it made upon my emotional sensibilities.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION" (Generally Released: January 6).—A saga of the Peninsular Wars with some wonderful martial spectacle, with Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra, but also with Sophia Loren getting seriously and seductively in the way of the martial action.

"BARNACLE BILL" (Generally Released: January 6).—Not exactly a laugh a minute, but a laugh every five minutes is something when it has such an actor as Alec Guinness—captaining a pier instead of a ship—to prompt it.

"THE SUN ALSO RISES" (Generally Released: December 30).—Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn and Tyrone Power heading a group of rich and drink-sodden nomads between the wars. It is a colourful, unromantic romance, directly adapted from an early Hemingway novel.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A PIONEER OF BRITISH AVIATION DIES: SIR ALLIOTT VERDON-ROE. Sir Alliot Verdon-Roe, the founder of A. V. Roe and Co. Ltd., President of Saunders-Roe Ltd. and a noted pioneer of British aviation, died aged eighty on January 4. In 1908 he made short flights over British soil some months before the first officially recognised flight in Britain. He pioneered the "tractor" type aircraft and built aircraft used in the First World War. He was the first Englishman to fly an aircraft of his own design and construction.



A SUSPENDED FIRST NIGHT AT THE ROME OPERA HOUSE: MME. MARIA MENEGHINI CALLAS. At the opening of the new season at the Rome Opera House on Jan. 2, attended by President Gronchi, the performance was suspended after the first act of Bellini's "Norma" when Mme. Maria Callas refused to continue singing, pleading voice trouble.



A FORMER DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC PROSECUTIONS: THE LATE SIR A. BODKIN. Sir Archibald Bodkin, who was from 1920 to 1930 Director of Public Prosecutions and was responsible for the prosecution of every spy tried in the First World War, died aged 95 on Dec. 31. He was long a leader of the criminal bar.
Portrait by Allan Chappelow.



DR. NKUMAH'S BRIDE: MISS FATHIA HALEN RITZK. Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, was married to Miss Fathia Halen Ritzk, a Cairo student, at Government House, Accra, on December 30. The marriage was by special licence and was attended by a few Ministers of Ghana, many close friends of the Prime Minister not being informed until later of the wedding. The bride arrived from Cairo shortly before the ceremony. Miss Ritzk is said to have attended also a school in France, and is about twenty-five years old.



(Left.) IMPORTANT MEDICAL RESEARCH: THE LATE DR. ARTHUR EWINS. Dr. Arthur Ewins, F.R.S., formerly Director of Research to May and Baker Ltd., and best known for his important work in discovering the first effective drug (M & B 693) for curing pneumonia, died on December 24 at the age of seventy-five. One of his discoveries provided protection against African sleeping sickness.



A LIFE OF OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO THE STATE: THE LATE VISCOUNT WAVERLEY. Viscount Waverley, O.M., whose outstanding service to the State began when in 1905 he entered the Colonial Service and who later became Home Secretary, Lord President of the Council and Chancellor of the Exchequer, died on Jan. 4.

(Right.) A GREAT RACEHORSE TRAINER DIES: MR. FRANK BUTTERS. Mr. Frank Butters, one of the greatest racehorse trainers of his generation, died recently at the age of seventy-eight. He had the distinction of training the winners of fifteen English classic races. He was at one time private trainer to the late Lord Derby, and later trained horses for the Aga Khan. He several times headed the list of winning trainers.



(Right.) A DISTINGUISHED AUTHORITY ON ANCIENT HISTORY DIES: PROF. M. CARY. Professor Max Cary, Emeritus Professor of Ancient History at London University, died on January 2 aged seventy-six. Educated at Liverpool University, he was appointed to his lectureship at London at the age of twenty-seven. He was honoured with the title of Professor in 1937. He was joint editor of the *Oxford Classical Dictionary*.



(Left.) RESTORED AS SOVIET DEPUTY DEFENCE MINISTER: MARSHAL ROKOSSOV-SKY. Marshal Rokossovsky, who three months ago was sent to command the Trans-Caucasian military area, bordering Turkey, during the Syrian-Turkish tension, was recently restored as Soviet Deputy Defence Minister, an appointment received after he left his high post in his native Poland in late 1956.



A RESIGNATION OVER GOVERNMENT EXPENDITURE: MR. PETER THORNEYCROFT, THE FORMER CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. On January 6 it was announced that Mr. Thorneycroft, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Birch, Economic Secretary to the Treasury, and Mr. Enoch Powell, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, had resigned because of differences of opinion as to the extent of cuts to be made in Government expenditure. Mr. Heathcoat Amory became the new Chancellor and Mr. Hare succeeded Mr. Amory as Minister of Agriculture.
(Continued opposite.)



THE NEW MINISTER FOR WAR: MR. CHRISTOPHER SOAMES.



THE NEW MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES: MR. JOHN HARE.



THE NEW CHANCELLOR: MR. D. HEATHCOAT AMORY, FORMER MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES. *(Continued.)* Mr. Hare, in turn, was succeeded as Minister for War by Mr. C. Soames, whose successor as Financial Secretary to the Admiralty was to be announced later. Mr. Powell was replaced by Mr. J. E. S. Simon, Q.C., whose successor at the Home Office was also to be announced later. No new appointment was made to the position vacated by Mr. Birch.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

CURIOSITIES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WE know that some very curious things happened to Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, of Hull; but I doubt whether his dear ghost, with Friday in attendance, ever knew that it might meet Robert Nesbitt and Phil Park. Mr. Park has written the "book" of "Robinson Crusoe" at the London Palladium. Mr. Nesbitt has directed the production; and

more, out at sea on the ceremonial raft. When, dazed, I left the Palladium on Christmas Eve, I realised that during the three hours and more of this opulent affair, I had been made to think, at random, of Captain Hook, Longfellow, Lewis Carroll (there is something vaguely like a lobster quadrille), the Book of Jonah, Bridie, Stevenson, Henty, the Arabian Nights, and Jules Verne. Other matters probably, but those will do for the moment.

yesterday that they trod the boards, golden visions with their cockades and their diadems, modish riding-whips and jewelled garters." If it is suggested that "Robinson Crusoe" does not run to diadems and whips and jewels, I can say merely that pantomime can run to anything. The Palladium's does. It is a gaudy flourish across the holiday skies, and, after all, that is what we expect from our pantomimes. "Crusoe" is the only one in the West End this season: its post is responsible.

Personally, on Christmas Eve I was content to watch it pass by in dizzying processional pomp, enduring its *longueurs*, its thinner ballads, and the paler high jinks, for the sake of its unashamed opulence, its gaudily superabundant narrative, and the comedy of Tommy Cooper. He stirs the Arabian Nights into the mixture with his performance of "Abu, a kind of magician." Mr. Cooper, of the popping eyes, the dithering fussiness, and the genial whinny, is a farceur of richest idiosyncrasy. I wrote five years ago, when he was appearing in a variety bill: "As a magician he may lack something of the Merlin touch, but he will plainly get there in the end. I feel myself that he whips his whole set-up to the back of the Palladium stage, and there repeats his act for the stage-hands, his fez still aloft, his eyes bright." So I felt after the appearances of Abu in "Robinson Crusoe." The part has no right to be in the pantomime, but any other treatment of "Crusoe" will seem to be odd without it, and I dare say that this season even Defoe is laughing gruffly, but silently, in the wings.

That is one holiday curiosity. Another is "A Stranger in the Tea," at the Arts. I call it a curiosity because it is based upon, or, rather, suggested by Sheridan Le Fanu's tale, "Green Tea," from the collection, "In a Glass Darkly," and that is something not many of us can have expected to observe in the theatre. The idea did not daunt Lilian and Edward Percy. Impressed by the terror of the Rev. Mr. Jennings's plight—he is a mid-Victorian clergyman with a past, who is haunted by a small black monkey—they tried to build the fabric of a substantial stage play round this anecdote of the disintegration of a soul.

It is, I fear, an honourable failure, but one worth seeing for the craft with which Robert Eddison creates the man with the tortured mind. There are occasional moments when, as his gaze becomes fixed and he stumbles back in aspen-trembling fear, we can indeed share his terror, and I did not expect that this would have been so. But Le Fanu addicts will remain happier with the untouched story.

"Lysistrata," at the Royal Court, brings Aristophanes to the week's strange trio. After 2369 years it is perhaps superfluous to discuss the play. Its satirical thrust probes as deeply as ever it did, and it may be ungrateful of me to feel that not all of its admirers in the theatre of 1958 are drawn to it solely by the dramatist's pacific message.

Minos Volanakis, who staged it at Oxford Playhouse last spring, has produced it now at the Court in the free-and-easy Dudley Fitts version. It is ably and exuberantly done, though I miss Constance Cummings. And I have, shockingly, to admit that I had a better evening at "The Rape of the Belt."



"WORTH SEEING FOR THE CRAFT WITH WHICH ROBERT EDDISON CREATES THE MAN WITH THE TORTURED MIND": "A STRANGER IN THE TEA" (ARTS THEATRE), SHOWING RICHARD JENNINGS (ROBERT EDDISON) AND EFFIE EAMES (PAMELA STRONG).

between them they have put Defoe's ancient mariner briskly through the mangle.

It is an elaborate and expensive mangle. The idea is to squeeze out a good pantomime plot, and, believe me, there is more plot in this pantomime than I have known for years and years. As in all these productions, it can be laid by for twenty minutes now and then when the characters discourse at large on other matters. Still, it may give some notion of Mr. Park's and Mr. Nesbitt's vigour if I explain that Crusoe, who has the map of a Treasure Island tattooed on his chest, is captured by Blackbeard near Panama, wrecked on the voyage towards the treasure, thrown up upon the island of Juan Fernandez, and, after discovering an Inca temple and masquerading as a god, sent off royally on the sacred raft. Everybody then arrives in Hull, where a chorus is rendered that may or may not be the East Riding's favourite song this New Year, and a Traditional Grand Finale ends all.

There is more into the bargain. You must understand that Blackbeard's ship is run down by the Flying Dutchman. Here I sat, remembering not Vanderdecken but a poem that I cannot imagine is much read nowadays—Longfellow's "The Ballad of Carmilhan":

And onward dashed the Valdemar
And leaped into the dark;
A denser mist, a colder blast,
A little shudder, and she had passed
Right through the Phantom Bark.

I could not linger over this because, suddenly, we were in the Belly of a Whale, with unexpected entry for the prophet Jonah, and in the mind a persistent idea that James Bridie had once done it better. Again no time to pause. We were presently in an Inca temple—for me the Incas still mean Henty, read during a summer's convalescence at the age of nine—and then we were off once

"Dick Whittington").

Mr. Nesbitt and Mr. Park, in their Palladium rally, have let the Dame have her way. But they



"A GAUDY FLOURISH ACROSS THE HOLIDAY SKIES": "ROBINSON CRUSOE" (LONDON PALLADIUM)—THE GRAND FINALE OF THE ONLY PANTOMIME IN THE WEST END THIS SEASON. IT IS PRODUCED BY ROBERT NESBITT.

have put aside tradition by choosing a male Principal Boy, and there I am sorry. David Whitfield goes through the motions; but the true Principal Boy is part of the Christmas theatre. We want to have him/her as he/she was described once by James Agate: "In the mind's eye I see those 'Principal Boys' as though it were but

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MAN, BEAST, AND VIRTUE" (Theatre Royal, Stratford).—Pirandello play, produced by Professor France Jamnik. (January 8.)

FLEMISH, DUTCH AND FRENCH: MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



AN OUTSTANDING ACQUISITION BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, FOR THE CLOISTERS: "THE MERODE ALTARPIECE," THE FAMOUS TRIPTYCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION WITH DONORS AND ST. JOSEPH, ATTRIBUTED TO ROBERT CAMPIN (ACTIVE 1406-44). (Oil on panel: height, 29½ ins.) (Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, The Cloisters.)

The acquisition of The Merode Altarpiece by the Metropolitan Museum of Art has been heralded as "a major event for the history of collecting in the United States." This world-famous fifteenth-century Flemish masterpiece is "one of the key works in the history of painting. . . . For the picture stands as a milestone between two periods; it at once summarises the mediæval tradition and lays the foundation for the development of modern painting." It has been purchased out of income from the fund generously given by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the further enrichment of The Cloisters, the branch of the Metropolitan Museum devoted to European mediæval art. The painting, which has come to the Museum in "superlative condition," has not been accessible to the public or students for many years. The authorship of this beautifully painted triptych remains a matter of some uncertainty, though it is generally agreed that it was painted in the 1420's. The artist was originally called the Master of the Merode Triptych, but came to be known as the Master of Flémalle with the discovery of some closely related panels. Recent researches have suggested Robert Campin, who is first mentioned in Tournai as a master painter in 1406, as the artist of the altarpiece, and this theory has been accepted by the Museum as the most convincing in the light of present knowledge. This precious work, which so effectively combines magnificent composition with superbly painted details, has been hung in a specially air-conditioned room at The Cloisters.



ACQUIRED BY THE RIJKSMUSEUM, AMSTERDAM, FROM A LONDON ART DEALER: "THE ARTIST'S STUDIO," BY PIETER CLAESZ (1597-1661). (Oil on panel: 27 by 31½ ins.)

This fine work by Pieter Claesz, which is signed and dated 1628, gives a fascinating insight into the studio of one of the greatest of the Dutch still-life painters. It has been acquired by the Rijksmuseum from the Alfred Brod Gallery, 36, Sackville Street, where it is to be seen with other works from Mr. Brod's Winter Exhibition until the end of the month. The John Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis, Indiana, has acquired an Italian landscape by Adam Pynacker (1622-73) from the same exhibition.



PURCHASED FROM A NEW YORK DEALER BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: "THE DREAM OF ST. JOSEPH," BY PHILIPPE DE CHAMPAIGNE (1602-74). (Oil on canvas: 83 by 62 ins.)

Only two days after the opening of the current Royal Academy Winter Exhibition—"The Age of Louis XIV"—which is largely devoted to seventeenth-century French painting, the National Gallery announced the acquisition of this large altarpiece by Philippe de Champaigne, a leading figure of this period of French art. Hitherto the National Gallery has possessed only one work by de Champaigne, the striking portrait of Cardinal Richelieu. This religious picture by him is not only an important acquisition in its own right, but also strengthens the Gallery's very weak representation of French religious painting of this period. "The Dream of St. Joseph" is probably the altarpiece which de Champaigne painted for the Church of the Minims at Paris, and the style suggests a date of about 1635. Philippe de Champaigne was born in Brussels, where he was trained principally as a landscape painter. He came to Paris in 1621, and subsequently gained Royal patronage, and also that of Cardinal Richelieu. The National Gallery has acquired this work from Jacques Seligmann and Co., New York, and it has been placed on exhibition in Room XIV.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

PUBLISHERS have only one formula for the novel "to be continued": viz., that the whole series is fascinating, and the present story complete in itself. Indeed; no other can be expected of them, though the first clause assumes a better memory than some of us have, and the second is hardly ever true. One may even doubt whether it ought to be true; and "At Lady Molly's," by Anthony Powell (Heinemann; 15s.), is in one sense very far from complete—trailing and intimating, as it does, a world of related matter. Yet in "The Music of Time," if anywhere, we have the ideal series: fascinating as a whole, however much you forget, and thoroughly satisfying by chapters. Its affinity with Proust is declared, and perhaps overstated, in the title. Now and then one thinks: If only "Marcel" would cut out some of the heavy stuff—the subjective poetry and interminable discourse—and let the social comedy have a chance! The answer to that, for English readers, is Mr. Powell. He is a lightweight, almost entirely social Proust, with little "music" and no fatty degeneration: but with what a flair!

It hardly matters where you come in, or which actors are prominent. In this volume we have reached 1934. Nick Jenkins, the Marcel, is in his late twenties, employed at a film studio, and getting engaged during the book—although we see nothing of it. However, "settling down," or failing to settle down, is one of the themes. The others are mutability and obsolescence. There are two figures visibly "left over from the war": an appealing zombie who has married into the upper class, and a brassy, petrified V.A.D. who married out of it. The Hon. Mildred Blaides is now the twice-widowed, newly engaged Mrs. Haycock; and, of all fiancés, she has hooked or been hooked by Widmerpool. Of course, it doesn't sound funny unless you remember Widmerpool, the grotesque school-boy who "got on." But it becomes funny at sight of him; for Mr. Powell's characters are like people even before they open their mouths. This is a very rare talent indeed. We had an example of it last time, in the lone, embarrassed elderly man who used to frequent the Old Boy dinner. Then, Tolland was only a stray; but here the Tollands, to whom he is Uncle Alfred, have a leading rôle. One of them is Nick's choice; while the down-at-heel, socialistic eldest—"Erridge" to his relations—may be thought the pick of the volume. Nor do we feel, as with some character-mongers, that the people are wasted on what they have to do. Mr. Powell avoids this by the breadth and subtlety of his canvas, and by his gift for talking about them.

OTHER FICTION.

In "The Water Carnival," by Jeremy Brooks (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.), once again we are given a display of social values and human freakishness; but the world has shrunk to that of a riverside hotel, and the human comedy has become a farce. Granted, there is nothing against farce; and I should probably have thought this much funnier and less self-consciously riotous at another time. Anyhow, it has bursts of real glee. Cyril, the narrator, views himself not merely as secretary to the owner of Bride's Eyot, the great and phoney Auk-Wilson, but as his slave of the lamp, the hidden artist of his devices: and on the other hand, not as a real person at all, but "an amalgam of several persons . . . held together by wonder." These persons vary. At the moment, they include Auk-Wilson himself, George Higgs, the distraught Samaritan and true painter, George's unlikely and tormenting little flame, and an intruder with sideburns, who emerges as the most puissant sponger-by-bullying since the Old Man of the Sea. And the grand device, on which Cyril has been madly though sceptically employed all through, is the Water Carnival. There is an excess of hand-rubbing; but in George we have an unusually taking version of that awkward character, the good man.

"The Husband," by Vera Caspary (W. H. Allen; 12s. 6d.), endows the familiar "love from a stranger" with a new twist, and the manner of a straight novel. Jean McVeigh is a large, American ugly duckling, on a forlorn holiday in London. There she meets Stuart Howell, a "promoter" feverishly intent on an oil coup. He looks like the ideal man of the advertisements. He doesn't love her; nor is he *exactly* after her money—for it is basic that "TSH" (his personality in day-dreams) would scorn to sponge on a wife. Indeed, it is the ironic source of all that happens. Clever and well-turned: though gently insular (if one can say so of an American) on false premises.

In "The Mythmaker" (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.) Sarah Gainham offers another of her stylish post-war imbroglíos. A vintage Nazi who fled the Bunker at the last moment, is suspected of being in touch with a noble Hungarian family in Vienna. Young Captain Quest belongs to the same family on his mother's side. So he is given the job of looking up his relations. He finds not only a brace of pathetic derelicts, but a lovely cousin and a lot of palpable secrecy. To make things worse, Berger is also being chased by a group of Jewish "Avengers." Documentary, romance and thriller rolled into one—and distinguished if you like the model.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

NOTICE David "Abe" Yanofsky, who beat Botvinnik in Holland when still a young Canadian soldier, and who worsted all our players to capture the British Championship at Hastings in 1953, is campaigning to become an alderman back in his native Manitoba. I wonder whether this civic honour will come his way and whether he will ever aspire to a higher legislature.

I doubt it.

Chess and politics don't mix. They are as far apart as any two supposedly intellectual pursuits can be. Politics is inspiration, chess calculation. Where politics is human, chess is in the highest degree abstract and remote.

Though few politicians can open their mouths these days without using the word "stalemate," I imagine they must tend to despise chess players, whose obsession with silly little bits of wood might well arouse, in an individual accustomed to grappling with matters of world-wide historical import, something akin to disgust.

To a chess player, on the other hand, accustomed to exact thinking, the disregard of detail in political life borders on the fantastic. To quote a trivial but typical instance: a prominent lady M.P. not so long ago laid it down that the taste of good margarine was now indistinguishable from that of butter. An unknown student challenged this. Though freely primed with sherry which was admirably calculated to dull his palate (this operation was that M.P.'s cleverest move throughout), he easily proved his point, as could indeed most of the remaining 50,000,000 inhabitants of these islands. A chess player, learning of this incident, would be inclined to doubt the lady's competence. Among politicians, the whole incident caused barely a ripple of interest and the lady's prospects of attaining to a position which would give her considerable jurisdiction over the eating habits of those same 50,000,000 are, I believe, still high.

Another Member recently inveighed in Parliament against the improper disclosure made of a certain "document." No doubt many hundreds of fellow Members listened with grave attention. At a subsequent tribunal it was established that no such document had ever existed. I imagine few members of his party were greatly disconcerted; they probably respect him for his fighting spirit.

To a chess player, accustomed to the justice of crushing defeat if he allows himself to be deluded by an imaginary threat, all this smacks of another world.

The chess player would rely on, and respect—perhaps too exclusively—sheer competence. At least as important in the search for power, to a politician, are such things as a militant disposition; the ability to talk down to the level of certain audiences; a robust physique; humour; the knack of hitting, and continuing to hit, the newspaper headlines; even happening to be a woman when it is desired to attract the feminine vote, or to be a nonentity when the two really outstanding candidates for some office don't like each other . . . that such factors have decided who should head ministries or even become prime ministers sends chess players back to chess as the only refuge of sanity in a lunatic world.

Since politicians certainly consider themselves sane and chess players lunatics, it perhaps balances out.

There is, of course, no room for anything besides chess in one person's life. Goethe soon found this out. So if leading chess players were invited to take over the government, they would have to give up their favourite pursuit, which might make them cantankerous and sap their judgment. They might perhaps overlook larger issues in concentrating on small ones.

It is a disturbing thought, however, that whereas chess players' blunders only involve personal humiliation in some smoky chess club, the next really big blunder in international politics may waft us all into the next world.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM AN ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION TO MODERN NAVAL HISTORY.

AS the greatness of the Royal Navy dwindles before economic strains and stresses and the tactics demanded by the nuclear age, such a book as "Fabulous Admirals," by Commander Geoffrey Lewis (Putnam; 21s.), is the more pleasingly nostalgic. For 100 years Britannia did, in fact, rule the waves. And the men who commanded the ships and the fleets that enabled her to do so were admirable products of a self-confident and uninhibited Britain. They produced a splendid group of eccentrics who, in the days before wireless, had an independence of their Lordships of the Admiralty which their successors must indeed envy. There was, for example, the Captain who took his battleship on a private treasure-hunt and disappeared from their Lordships' ken for weeks until his ship had to be reprovisioned. There was the fantastic "Prothero the Bad," whose officers and men worshipped him as much as they feared him. There was the terrifying Vice-Admiral Cherry, in commemoration of whose explosive tyranny the "Cherry medal" was struck and presented to a number of officers who had had the unenviable lot of serving under him on the China station. It was Admiral Cherry who, in 1926, ill and old, wrote to the Admiralty: "Request that I may be received in Chatham Naval Hospital for the purpose of dying"—a request which their Lordships granted.

As Commander Lewis says, these remarkable characters were probably not very efficient—but then, there was no competition. They looked back to the great days of sail in which they started their careers. Seamanship and spit and polish were paramount in their lives. Gunnery and the mysteries of tactics were beyond them, and such new fangled contraptions as torpedoes were regarded by them in much the same light as the medieval knight regarded the invention of firearms. Still, they were great men and great characters, and there will be many who will be grateful to Commander Lewis for recording their virtues, their failings and their eccentricities before they are forgotten.

Commander Randolph Pears in "British Battleships, 1892-1957" (Putnam; 42s.) paints a picture of the time when the Navy reached the peak of its greatness, the years at the beginning of the century when, in spite of the German challenge, there could be no doubt as to the Royal Navy's overwhelming preponderance. Like Commander Lewis, he points out that those who controlled this enormous force looked backwards rather than forward. "With few exceptions, the general outlook of senior executive officers had not kept pace with the rapid developments in ship construction, and although the days of experiment were over and, basically, battleship design approached modernity, the mentality of the sailing ship persisted. It was not possible for an Admiral to study the art of modern naval warfare or tactics, for training courses for that purpose did not exist. . . ." However, in Jackie Fisher's reforming zeal all was changed and the foundations of the modern Navy were laid.

Although Commander Pears deals with each class of battleship in a separate compartment, he does it so skilfully that he paints a complete and harmonious picture of sixty years of the Navy, its traditions, its achievements and even the lighter side of naval life.

If anybody wants an explanation of the fact that the Americans have H-bombers permanently patrolling or at readiness in these islands, I recommend "Day of Infamy," by Walter Lord (Longmans, Green; 18s.). This is the story of Pearl Harbour, and a terrible story it is. If possible, the Americans like to enter a war even less well-prepared than ourselves. The story of Pearl Harbour is the story of almost incredible inefficiency and complacency. In spite of the clearest of friendly warnings from our intelligence services, the Americans allowed themselves to be taken completely unawares, and the story of the succeeding confusion and hysteria is not edifying. Nevertheless, the violent shock to American opinion was probably the best thing that could have happened. Out of the flames and smoke of Pearl Harbour there grew the magnificent American fleets which won the great naval battles which were to come. Mr. Lord's book is factual, sometimes to the point of being a little

dull (it is not nearly so good as his similar book about the sinking of the *Titanic*). But, as a cautionary tale (which our American Allies have clearly taken to heart), it makes excellent reading.

I wish I had more space to devote to "The Bombs of Orsini," by Michael St. John Packe (Secker and Warburg; 25s.). The interest in the book lies less in the familiar story of Orsini's attempt to assassinate Napoleon III (one of the repercussions of which was to bring about the fall of Palmerston) than in the admirable picture of the tangled politics of mid-nineteenth-century France and Italy which finally led to the establishment of the Italian kingdom. Not the least fascinating part of the book is the description of attempts by Napoleon III and his Empress to try and find some way whereby their would-be murderer's life could be spared and the cause of Italian freedom thus remain unjeopardised.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

Cruise in the Sun

with ROYAL MAIL to the Mediterranean and Northern Capitals this year

MAY 23	Ceuta, Naples (for Rome), Venice, Dubrovnik and Barcelona.	21 DAYS
JUNE 14	Palermo, Phaleron Bay (for Athens) and Lisbon.	15 DAYS
JUNE 30	Norwegian Fjords and Northern Capitals.	18 DAYS
JULY 19	Gibraltar, Villefranche, Messina (for Taormina) and Palma.	13 DAYS
AUGUST 2	Ceuta, Naples (for Rome) and Barcelona.	14 DAYS
AUGUST 17	Palma, Istanbul, Phaleron Bay (for Athens) and Lisbon.	19 DAYS
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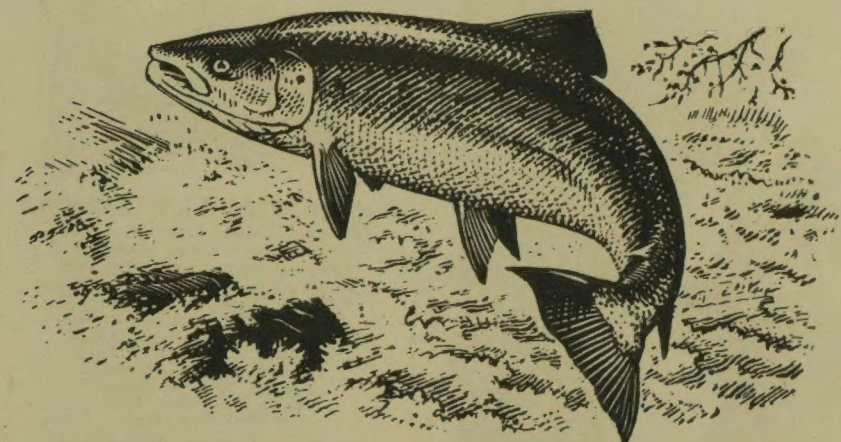
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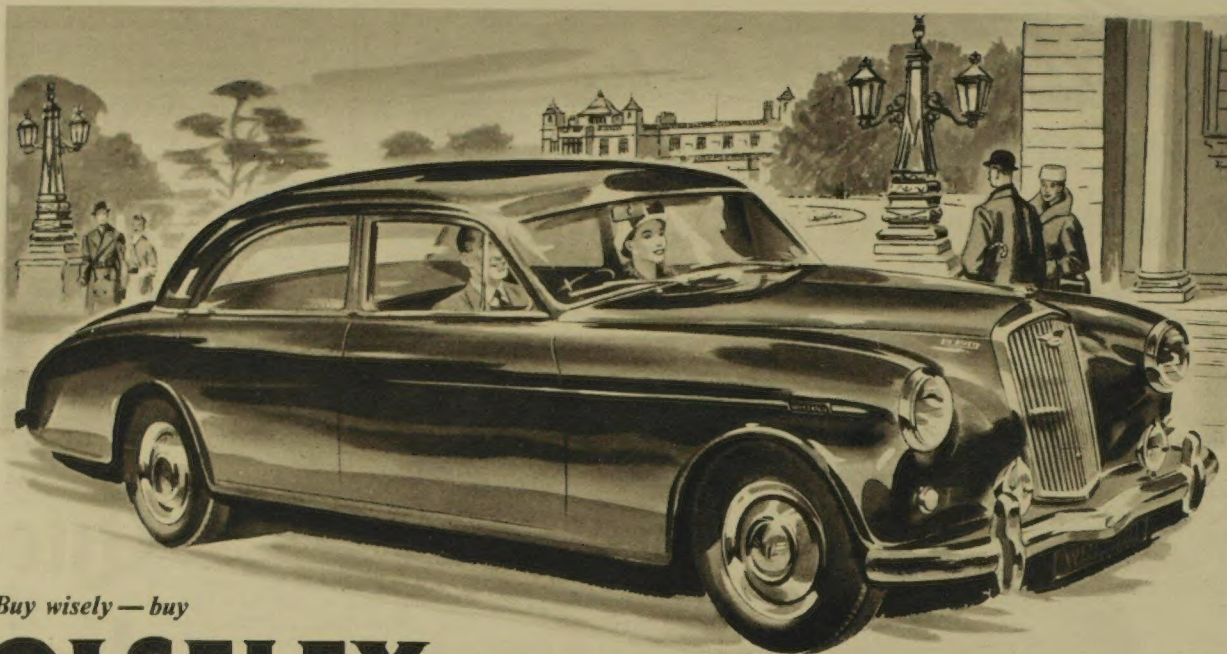
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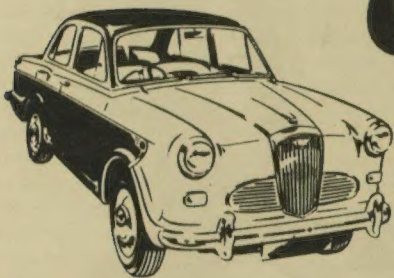


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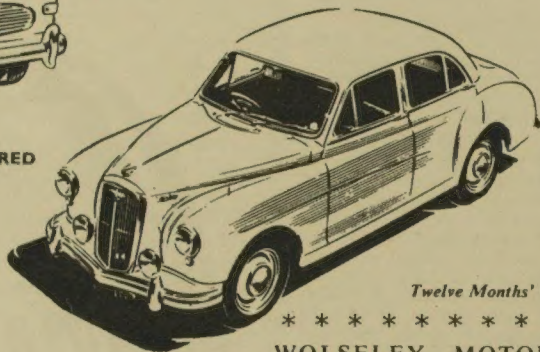
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